

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## POETRY.

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Some months ago we had ready for THE LIVING AGE, a translated article upon French Living Poets. In some mysterious way the manuscript has disappeared. It is possible that by mistake we sent it to some contributor, whose MS. was not suited to our pages. If it were so, he is respectfully requested to send it to this office at our expense.

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From The Sunday Magazine.  
THREE FRENCH HYMNS.\*

## I.

BY M. EDMOND SCHERER.

"Je suis a toi."

LORD, I am Thine, all glory to Thy name;  
I to Thy law my life, myself resign:  
Of right Thou dost my love, my worship claim,  
And I am Thine!

In paths of doubt I wandered lost of yore,  
When lo! upon my path Thou deign'dst to  
shine:

Once was my heart a void, and death in store;  
Now I am Thine!

The world erewhile enchain'd my captive soul,  
But now I dwell beneath Thy rule Divine:  
Sweet is Thy yoke; on Thee my cares I roll;  
For I am Thine!

Me to receive with welcome to Thy heart,  
Thine arms outspread, and looks of love, com-  
bine:

O Lord, I come: I choose that better part;  
Thine, wholly Thine!

Possessing Thee, I am of all possess,  
And 'tis by faith this happy lot is mine:  
Upon Thy bosom, Lord, in peace I rest,  
Thine, only Thine!

None from Thy book of life shall blot my name;  
No tempter from Thy paths my steps incline:  
'Tis death, 'tis life, Thy piercing glance of flame,  
But I am Thine!

While on this earth I sojourn by Thy will,  
My Saviour and my God, that will be mine:  
Till safe in heaven I bless Thy mercy still,  
For ever Thine!

## II.

BY ALEXANDRE VINET.

"Dans l'abîme de misère."

To the far abyss of woe,  
Where in death's embrace I lay,  
Lord, Thy mercy, stooping low,  
Brought a gleam of blessed day:  
At Thy voice my vision cleared;  
And before my wondering view  
Depths unknown of love appeared:  
I was dead: I lived anew.

But my life so weak I mourn;  
And, until this hour, I prove  
In my faith all newly born  
More of self-reproach than love.  
Humbling memories of the past  
Fill my mind and haunt me yet:  
On myself my thoughts I cast,  
And my gracious God forget.

\* These hymns are Nos. 43, 87, and 96, of the "Recueil de Cantiques publiés par les Eglises Evangéliques de Genève et de Lyon."

Father! not our fear alone,  
More our love dost Thou require:  
Loving subjects round Thy throne  
Lift by love thy glory higher:  
Who Thee loves not, O my God,  
In Thy heaven shall never shine;  
He 'neath rebel feet hath trod  
Heaven's own law of love divine!

Higher than our thoughts can think,  
Lord, Thy hand hath stretched the skies:  
Lo! again in flames they sink,  
And new worlds unnumbered rise:  
Yet these all, in bright array,  
Loveless, mindless, as they roll,  
Shall not, for Thy glory, weigh  
With one sigh from one true soul!

Spirit of my God! inspire  
With that sigh this breast of mine:  
Light in me Thy cleansing fire;  
Me from dross of earth refine.  
So with love my spirit rife  
Still shall cry, and shall not cease:—  
Lord, to love Thee—this is life:  
Give me life, O God of peace!

## III.

BY ADRIEN BOSSIER.

"Seigneur! du sein de la poussière."

My God! though cleaving to the dust,  
My soul cries out for Thee:  
O come, confirm my humble trust,  
And dwell Thyself in me.

No shadow now can give me peace,  
No image, fading still;  
Me with the substance of Thy grace,  
Thyself, Thy Spirit, fill!

Oh! long, too long, Thy face I seek  
In breathings weak and cold:  
Now, speaking, I would hear Thee speak,  
Would touch Thee, and behold!

Nor would I burn, but with Thy fire,  
Now with Thy light would shine,  
Would with Thyself my soul inspire,  
And love with love divine.

Henceforth to me this blessing give,  
This only needful thing—  
In Thee, by Thee, for Thee to live,  
Who art my God and King!

Yet how, if sins my heart defile,  
Can I be one with Thee?  
Lord, Thou art pure, and I am vile:  
And righteous Thou must be!

Jesus, behold! I plead Thy blood;  
Thou hast the ransom given:  
O fill my heart, blest Lamb of God,  
With love, and peace, and heaven!

HENRY DOWNTON.

From The Contemporary Review.  
ON THE CORRUPTION OF CHRISTIANITY  
BY PAGANISM

IN THE LAST AGE OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

THE Roman Empire, although more than a thousand years have elapsed since its fall, has left indelible traces on all the institutions of the subject countries. As we have recourse to the code of Justinian and the rule of the Cæsars in order to explain the laws and government of Southern Europe; so, to account for its religious usages, we must go back to the ancient classics and the traditions of Olympus. The system from which most Teutonic races revolted in the sixteenth century, is a compromise between primitive Christianity and the older faiths which it is falsely imagined to have supplanted.

If the English Church is founded on the reconciliation of two adverse systems of religion, each of which finds its appropriate expression in our formularies, the same is no less true of the Churches of Rome and Greece. The Christian and heathen elements are quite as distinguishable to this day in those unreformed Churches, as are the Protestant and Catholic ones in what has been sneeringly called "the Elizabethan compromise." We must not be misled by the retention of venerable creeds, the name Catholic, and the episcopal succession. Great part of Christendom has never been generally converted to anything like the religion revealed in the New Testament. A minority of the inhabitants of the empire really embraced the Gospel, and were nominally joined by the rest of their fellow-subjects after Christianity became the religion of the sovereign. The united body, though still called by the old names, was as different from what it had been before as the mixed population of Samaria, after the Assyrian conquest, from the Israelites of pure descent who had studied in the schools of the prophets. As the great river of America, after its junction with the muddy current of a longer and larger stream, preserves the name it bore when its waters were still clear, so we still read of Catholic Churches of the East and West, though their whole nature had been altered by the irruption of the half-converted Greeks, Asiatics, and Romans, since Constantine, himself a half-convert,

first made the Christian profession safe and respectable. Heathenism, avowed in its own person, long, it is true, lingered not only in the rural solitudes, whence it derived the name pagan, but in the principal cities too. So late as in the time of St. Chrysostom the city where the disciples were first called Christians contained quite as many believers in Jupiter as in Christ. At length, however, the triumph of the cross, or, to speak more accurately, the amalgamation of the two religions, was complete. The temples were closed by the government, and the stream of worshippers diverted into the Churches, but they brought in most of their superstitions with them; and though the names of the ancient poetic mythology were no longer heard, a new collection of similar legendary lore soon gathered round the most revered personages of Christianity.

These convictions have often struck attentive observers of the popular religion on the shores of the Mediterranean. For where the peculiar civilization of the Roman world was most firmly seated the vestiges of its religion are naturally most conspicuous. The authors of "the Silver Age" afford valuable hints for working out the same train of thought. Neglected by students of classical elegance, they are of no small interest to the theologian; since they offer a lively picture of the latest form of heathenism, just before it merged in corrupt Christianity, and so enable us to perceive how the conquered religion, like ancient Greece, has enslaved its conqueror. At the present time, when Rome is pressing her claims upon us so imperiously, and when the even semi-barbarous East has its partisans, this historical argument seems peculiarly seasonable.

It is a duty we owe to common sense to bring theory and emotion to the test of fact, and to investigate the origin of the vast organizations which confront us, before, like so much inanimate matter, we yield to the mere attraction of their bulk, and rush blindly into union with we know not what. Nor would we permit our judgment to be so warped by discontent at our domestic troubles as to accept *en masse* whatever foreigners offer. Should the Anglican Church be fallible or fallen, it by no means follows that the Roman is any surer guide.

That a vast revolution actually took place in very many of the doctrines, and in all the external usages of the Church, between the age of Constantine and that of Justinian, is a simple matter of history. The truth is too patent to be denied, account for it how we will. With this gradual change in the religion of the empire may be compared a similar one in that of the republic. The Romans, it is said, had no images of their gods for the first hundred and seventy years, and, when, four hundred years later, the books of Numa, their lawgiver, were brought to light, the authorities found them so subversive of the then established idolatry, that they ordered them to be burned. So the Bible is suppressed in Romish countries now.

The worship of the early Christians, as described by Justin Martyr and other primitive fathers, was of the same spiritual character as that indicated in the New Testament. It was directed only to God; and, when we say God, we include God the Son, according to the testimony of Justin, and even of the heathen Pliny. The monuments of this period, preserved in the catacombs of Rome, bear no reference to the Virgin or the saints, or a purgatory after death. Rest and peace in Christ are the prevailing idea; the palm branch, the plain cross, or monogram the usual symbols. Dark, mysterious rites, strange cabalistic names and invocations, worshipping of angels, and other superstitions, partly of Jewish, partly of oriental origin, were by no means unknown; but they were confined to the Gnostic heretics, who also appear to have had some notion of a purgatory so early as in the time of St. Augustine.\* Tertullian contrasts the cheerful churches of the Orthodox, open on all sides, and light-some like a dovecot on its eminence—"Domus columbæ nostræ" (alluding to the Holy Spirit), with the dim crypts where the sectaries celebrated their secret ceremonies.† On the other hand, the pompous rites of the heathen are a never-failing topic for the eloquent invective of Christian apologists. Images especially; their makers and worshippers are all included in the severest condemnation. Nor is this censure

limited to images of the false gods, for we are repeatedly assured that the true Divinity could have no other image of himself than man created after his likeness.

But let us pass over a few centuries, and we find images first tolerated as ornaments of the Church in the time of Chrysostom; then approved as books for the instruction of the ignorant, as by Gregory the Great in the sixth century, and in the seventh century grown into the universal objects of popular devotion; a practice defended by the popes, and by the last Greek father, John of Damascus, and finally established as the rule both of East and West at the second council of Nicæa, held in 786. The Blessed Virgin had been long before drawn from her previous seclusion, and presented to the world as the most influential personage in the heavenly court. Angels and saints shared her popularity. Relics had become articles of commerce, and objects of childish superstition. Prodiges of the most absurd description were believed without hesitation, while asceticism was carried to such a pitch that fanatics practised every kind of self-torture, and fed on grass, living naked in the open air, like the Faquirs of India.\* We are indebted for this comparison to Tertullian, who assures us that such extravagances were confined to the heathen in his time, the second century, and ranks it among the merits of the Christians that they gave them no encouragement. "We are not," he says, "unsocial, like Brahmins and Indian Gymnosophists, who live in the woods, exiles from the life of society, for we have learned that gratitude to the Creator requires us to repudiate no fruit of his works."† As Tertullian was by nature inclined to austere views, his words are the more remarkable. They may be advantageously compared with the 21st chapter of the first Book of Evagrius, a writer of the sixth century, where he celebrates the excellent and divine life of the hermits of Palestine, who "so galled themselves as to seem tombless corpses, their outward form being assimilated to wild beasts, and their mind in a state no longer fitted for intercourse with mankind." The public opinion of the religious world must have been

\* De Hæresibus.

† Adv. Valent. 2.

\* *Βοσκοί*, Sozomen vi. 33.

† Apol. 42.



strangely altered when such maniacs as the historian describes were regarded as examples of triumphant virtue subduing nature.

Now what was the source of all these momentous changes, or as Roman Catholics consider them, improvements, in the faith once delivered to the saints, and the rule of godly life? Were they contemplated from the beginning by the Founder of the Church, and revealed by Him to his first disciples, who handed down the tradition so secretly that for several centuries not a hint of it is dropped? Did they grow out of the original religion by natural development, as a plant unfolds its fresh branches? A parasite killing the tree it grows on would be a fitter simile. Or had the Church corporate, or the Roman Court as its head and mouth-piece, received authority from Christ to add to his religion new supplemental revelations from time to time, suggested by a permanent inspiration residing in some living authority? If we reject these theories, and they are no better than theories incapable of proof, opposed to Scripture and common sense, and inconsistent, too, with history, which shows us the various superstitions rising to notice, first, as half tolerated popular practices, not as promulgated by any ecclesiastical authority, — if, I say, we reject these fanciful suppositions, we are bound to offer some more reasonable explanation.

The one which seems most probable is that which ascribes the change in Christianity to its gradual fusion with the paganism of the empire. We shall first consider some of the circumstances which prepared the way for the amalgamation of the two religions, and then select a few out of innumerable examples to illustrate the manner in which heathen ideas and usages were adopted, and still maintain their ground in the unreformed Churches.

The revolution of which we are speaking had, like most others, various predisposing causes, which long wrought in silence before their effect became visible. Three are enough to mention: the irresistible tendency of the age towards superstition; the familiar intercourse between the heathen populace and the lower order of Christians; and, lastly, the credulity and false

philosophy of most of the learned Christian divines, and their well-meant, but mistaken, policy in dealing with corruptions introduced by the ignorant. The condition of the Roman world from the very beginning of Christianity was extremely unpropitious to the preservation of its purity, and as the ancient civilization declined, through misgovernment and social disorganization, it became increasingly difficult for the Church to struggle against the mischievous influences that beset her on every side. It has been remarked that there is no cause or institution that is not obliged to accommodate itself to the characteristics of its epoch, and to avail itself for its own purposes of the tendencies of the society in which it has to live. Now the chief characteristic of the period from the Antonines to the fall of the empire, was unquestionably a very low morality, having little regard to truth or honesty, and the tendency of its society was, on the whole, to gross superstition. Ghosts and genii peopled the imagination of the suffering subjects of Rome. Tales of witchcraft, magic, marvellous transformations, prodigies, and apparitions, fill the literature of the period, and even respectable historians regularly chronicle the omens and wonders with which each reign began and ended, while pious frauds and false miracles were of frequent occurrence. A critical or inquiring spirit or a love of truth is rarely discernible in the writings of the most learned authors. The poorer class would of course be still more given to idolatry and superstition, and it was among them that the lower order of converts were obliged to live. There was far more intercourse between the professors of the two religions than is generally supposed, and the warnings against too close association with heathens and imitation of their customs which we so often find in the fathers, show how much believers and unbelievers must have been thrown together, especially during the intervals of persecution. The Emperor Hadrian, a curious observer of religious novelties, draws a striking picture of the population of Alexandria in his day, and the strange confusion of creeds and customs in that great manufacturing and trading city. He represents the inhabitants as carried away with every wind of doc-

trine.\* "Those who worship Serapis are Christians, and those who call themselves Christ's bishops are devotees of Serapis; people are Jews, Samaritans, soothsayers, presbyters by turns. They were very busy and industrious, but the only God they worshipped was no God. Him Jews, Christians, and Gentiles all venerate." There must have been doubtless some foundation for this caricature, since the Fathers often complain of such unsteady professors, and Lucian, in his account of the philosopher Peregrinus, gives us a lively representation of a false brother, who for a time imposed on the simplicity of the faithful. But the credulity and degenerate philosophy of the fathers themselves rendered them very imperfect guardians of the purity of the Gospel. These were faults of the age rather than of the men, but they were not on that account the less but rather the more mischievous. Every concession they made to popular superstition was so much ground lost for ever, while their feeble protests and cautions were treated with indifference and soon forgotten. Their credulity betrays itself in a proneness to rely on spurious authorities like the Sibylline books, &c., and to believe every strange story that seemed to favour religion or to be honourable to the Church. Chrysostom, indeed, confessed that miracles had ceased, and assigned reasons for their discontinuance; † but the majority of the fathers lived in an atmosphere of prodigies. Men of great natural good sense, the master minds of their age, are among the worst offenders in this respect. As for example, Athanasius in his "Life of Antony," and Gregory the Great in his dialogues. In fact, the world was fast sinking into a sort of intellectual twilight, in which events were seen not as they really are, but as magnified and distorted by the passions and prejudices of the observer. Moreover, the Christian divines, in their very writings against the philosophers, show themselves deeply imbued with the spirit of Platonism, a philosophy of most superstitious tendency. Doubtless great part of their success in propagating the Gospel was due to their perfect accordance with the taste and temper of their times and country. Unlike our modern missionaries, they were educated in the same school of thought with the people whom they sought to convince, and could reason with them on their own ground. Still philosophy, and especially the debased philosophy of the later empire, was no true yoke-fellow with

the simplicity of the Gospel. As early as the Apostolic age, affected singularity in worship, devotion to angels, and curious speculations about genii and their pedigrees, a fondness for fabulous stories and ascetic counsels of perfection, all symptoms of Gentile philosophy, are mentioned by St. Paul as already infecting Christian societies. The semi-Christian bodies, called Gnostics, first allowed their fancy to run riot among these follies, but they never wanted partisans even within the Church. Treatises on the celestial hierarchy and on fasting and celibacy, and rules for austere living, falsely attributed to Apostles and apostolic men, are popular productions of the first ages.

The fathers of the Church were at a loss how to deal with the superstitions which made their appearance from time to time, often under a show of piety and good intention, not propounded by Rome or any other authority, but among the common people, inconsiderately caught up, as it were, from the paganism with which the very air seemed charged.

Origen and Jerome devoted great learning, and greater industry, to the interpretation of Scripture, and brought to their task a more enlightened critical spirit than is usual in our own day in the Church of England. But the subtle philosophic tastes of Origen induced him to countenance various errors, especially the extravagant employment of allegory, after the example of the later Platonists. Jerome, on the other hand, with characteristic impetuosity, urged the Church forward in the dangerous courses of monastic asceticism and veneration of relics.

Augustine reckons the worshippers of images and pictures (for there were some such already among Christians) with drunkards and other scandalous offenders;\* but then he palliates the superstitious practices at martyrs' tombs, and by his irresolution on the subject of purgatory had considerable share in importing that doctrine from his early Manichean teachers.

Chrysostom is a sensible expositor; but he, too, was carried away by the fashion of the day, and abuses his eloquence to justify a young friend, who broke his parents' heart, and brought on himself epileptic fits, by running away from home and giving himself up to self-torture in a monastery.† The sober-minded presbyter Vigilantius alone ‡ perceived that such popular fanaticisms must, like drunkenness, be encoun-

\* De Mor. Eccl. Cath.

† Stagirus.

‡ Perhaps I should add Jovinian, another opponent of St. Jerome.

\* Vopiscus Vit. Saturnini.  
† Ill. 65, Ed. Ben.

tered by total abstinence, instead of being treated with mild excuses, concessions, and gentle cautions against excess.\*

Some apology is required for dwelling so long on the dark side of the patristic teaching. The writings of the Greek and Latin fathers have a peculiar charm for those who have sufficient learning and perseverance to attempt their study. It is not the less to be regretted that, occupied as they mostly were with controversies on the abstruse topics of the Trinity and Incarnation, grace and free will, and the origin of evil, they were not at liberty to pay more attention to the superstitions of the vulgar, but, beguiled by the appearance of good intention, and laudably anxious to facilitate the conversion of the heathen, permitted these novel practices to grow, first into tolerated customs, and then into established traditions. The enemies of the Catholics kept a sharper look-out for their short-comings, and were the first to call attention to the silent revolution which was going on. Thus Faustus the Manichean objected that the Christians of the Church were turning the martyrs into idols, whom they worshipped with vows like the pagans, and appeased the shades with vows and meats. To which attack, St. Augustine has no better answer to make than to taunt the heretics with their own superstition about a purgatory, and to say that mere likeness to the heathen was not in itself objectionable.† "As we have nuns," he says, "although the heathen had Vestals, so we may feast at the sepulchres of the martyrs, although the pagan custom has been to banquet near tombs." It may be thought, in the light of later events, that the good bishop's argument should have led him to an opposite inference, and that seeing one heathen custom after another, in rapid succession, adopted by professing Christians, he ought to have suspected the propriety of monastic vows, rather than have used them to justify paganized celebrations in honour of persons who had suffered for their opposition to paganism.

Meanwhile, as the two great communities drew nearer to each other, and grew better acquainted, the pagans began to imitate the Christians, as well as the Christians to borrow ideas from the heathens. Thus Hadrian built temples to the god without a name. Alexander Severus had a domestic chapel (*lararium*), wherein he offered morning prayers before images of the good princes, and of such other holy souls as

Christ, Abraham, Orpheus, and Alexander the Great.\* He would even, it is said, have recognized Christ among the gods of the empire, and have built a temple in his honour, but that it was feared that then everybody would become Christian, and the other temples be deserted. The prayer of the priest of Isis, in Apuleius, has likewise a flavour of Christianity about it.

"Standing before the doors, he read out of a book from a high pulpit solemn prayers for the prince, the senate, the equestrian order, and the entire people of Rome, the ships at sea, and all the subject provinces. After which, according to Greek custom, he proclaimed in that language, *λαοις ἀφαις*, dismissal for the people. On this the congregation shout assent (amen?) and go home."†

Who does not recognize the prayer for all conditions of men, and the mysterious "ite missa est," the innocent origin of the word *mass*, so terrible to all zealous Protestants? After the proclamation of dismissal, the initiated enter the shrine of the goddess through the veil, and engage in further devotional exercises, which are but dimly hinted at. The idle attempt of Julian to reform paganism on the Christian model belongs to this same period of transition, when the rival religions were endeavouring to strengthen themselves by borrowing, each, the most attractive and popular features of the opposite system.

It is curious to observe how, during all the changes that followed up to modern times, the various countries and cities of the Roman world have preserved some traces of a local colouring and character in their several adaptations of their earlier to their later faith. Thus Ephesus and Athens have been, as one might expect, the earliest seats of that enthusiastic devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary which has replaced the worship of the virgins Pallas and Artemis. And it is to Irene, an Athenian lady, that the Eastern Church is chiefly indebted for the preservation of image worship, which might probably have been finally abolished if she had not become empress. St. George, one of the most popular saints of the East, still connects with the neighbourhood of Joppa the slaughter of a monster and the rescue of a distressed damsel, just as in the old local legend of Perseus and Andromeda. Spain, early familiarized by Phœnician colonists with the union of cruelty and devotion, has in modern times made human burnt sacrifices the essence of her most imposing religious pageant, her most joyous

\* Compare the tenderness of Protestant divines towards the vagaries of Revivalists, &c.

† Contra Faust. xx.

\* Histor. August.

† Metem. xl.

festival and special national "act of faith." In that country, too, the more innocent Oriental custom of sacred dances still lingers before the altars of Seville.\* The initiation of Julian in the heathen mysteries at Paris, is exactly reproduced in the mediæval legend of St. Patrick's purgatory, reminding us that Gaul and Ireland were peopled by the same Celtic race. In both cases the mysteries were celebrated in caves, and fiery apparitions and terrors were succeeded by visions of comfort and brightness.† In the neighbourhood of Arles the names of two patron saints, St. Victor and St. Martha, preserve the memory of the victory of Marius over the Cimbri, and of the prophetess Martha, who encouraged him; while the peasants still keep up the custom of lighting bonfires on the feast of St. Victor, just as they used to do in ancient times on the anniversary of the great battle. In Rome the union of civil and religious authority in the same magistrates, the Pontiff-King, and the "congregations," as they are called, of purple-robed cardinals, recall to our thoughts the imperial pontiffs and the dignified colleges of Flamens and Augurs of the ancient commonwealth. Indeed we can read on the pedestal of the same obelisk the names of two Pontifices Maximi, the one a pagan prince, the other a Christian pope. The childish credulity of idle Naples—"otiosa credidit Neapolis"‡—continues unaltered to the present day. Witchcraft and fascination by the evil eye are universally believed in; and as incense was supposed to liquefy without fire in the heathen temple, so is the congealed blood of St. Gennaro in the Christian Church. In the Eastern Church holy fish may sometimes be seen, as in the church of a monastery near Constantinople, so that the ancient "superstition of consecrating animals," as Tertullian calls it, is not even yet entirely extinct. But one of the most extraordinary accommodations of heathen ideas to corrupt Christianity is the now obsolete form of asceticism, introduced by Simon Stylites in the neighbourhood of Antioch, and very popular during the last age of the Roman Empire. We are told by Lucian, § in his interesting treatise on the Syrian goddess, that in Hierapolis, on the Euphrates, there stood a renowned temple of the Assyrian Juno, in front of which two columns, each thirty cubits high, were set up in the shape of phalli.

\* It is said to have been recently discontinued.

† The excommunications of the Druids ("poena gravissima," *Cæsar*, vi. 13) are doubtless allied to the powerful curses of many Celtic saints and the altar denunciations of modern Ireland.

‡ Horace.

§ De Dea Syria.

"Now it was the annual custom for a priest to climb to the top of one of these pillars by the aid of a cord drawn round the column and his own body, in the same manner as the gatherers of dates ascend their palm trees. And the reason of his going up is this, that most people think that from this height he converses with the gods, and asks blessings for all Syria. He remains there seven days, drawing up his food by a rope. The pilgrims bring some gold and silver, and others brass money, which they lay down before him, while another priest repeats the names to him, upon which he prays for each offerer by name, ringing a bell as he does so. He never sleeps, for if he did it is said that a scorpion would bite him. Moreover, this temple exhales a most delightful perfume like that of Arabia, which never leaves the garments of such as approach it."

Now with the classical author's account compare the narrative of Evagrius four centuries later.\* "Simon of holy memory originated (?) the contrivance of stationing himself on the top of a column forty cubits high, where, placed between earth and heaven, he holds communion with God, and unites with the angels; from earth offering his intercessions on behalf of men, and from heaven drawing down upon them the divine favour;" but it is too painful to proceed with the tale of degrading superstition that could once delude great cities and sovereigns, and even impose on so learned a father as Theodoret. "Whenever," we read again, "any person approaches the spot where is deposited the precious coffin in which are the holy relics, he is filled with an odour surpassing in sweetness every perfume with which mankind are acquainted." What can be plainer than that we have here no apostolical tradition or inspired devotion, but simply a revival of the old national superstition of the country? According to the bold metaphor of Juvenal, "the Syrian Orontes had once flowed into the Roman Tiber." So now the whole Euphrates had poured into the Christian Jordan, and swept away pastors and flocks together.

No event of this period created a greater sensation than the discovery of the relics of St. Stephen. When discovered, they were guarded by two large serpents, tame and harmless, like the snake which appeared to Æneas at the tomb of his father Anchises.†

But let us pass from these anecdotes of the fifth century to what may be seen every day in the churches of the Continent, and see whether the Pagan element be not still unmistakably present in the unreformed part of Christendom.

\* Evagrius, i. 13, li. 3.

† Sozom. ix. 17.

The visitor as he enters some great Roman basilica or Belgian cathedral, can no longer complain as the pagans used to do, "Why have these Christians no temples, no altars, no familiar images?" All round are chapels like the minor shrines which encompassed the temple of Capitoline Jove. Some are private *lararia* belonging to certain families, and containing their tombs before the images of their patron *divi*. Others are in honour of the special heavenly protector to whom the city or church is dedicated. For, as Tertullian remarks, "Every province or town has its own peculiar tutelary powers;" and Ammianus Marcellinus shows how countries obtained their patron saints before the rise of Christianity, where he relates how the city of Mopsuestia was called from Mopsus, who lost his way when returning from the Argonautic expedition and died suddenly in Africa, where "his heroic manes covered by the Punic soil are very effectual in healing a variety of sicknesses."\* All the altars are adorned with large candles, but the favourite image is especially distinguished by a multitude of wax tapers, the offerings of devout persons.

Thus the temple of Daphne is said to have taken fire from the wax candles which Julian's friend had left before the lofty feet of the image before retiring for the night — *accensis cereis ex usu cessit*.† "They light up tapers and candles before their idols," says the eloquent Lactantius,‡ "though what can be greater absurdity than to imagine so to propitiate the Creator of light and of the sun? Leave we these follies to the false gods, which must needs be in the dark if we do not supply them with such artificial illuminations." A partiality for candles in the daylight is an infallible token of a superstitious taste. In many Roman and Greek churches there are to be found images, pictures, or relics, possessing miraculous properties. A chalice has been filled with blood instead of wine, as in the pious fraud of the Gnostics exposed by Hippolytus, or an image has sweated and leaped like the Palladium mentioned in Virgil, or winked like the "stones which are called living" that Heliogabalus carried off from the temple of Laodicean Diana. Images wrought by angels, or painted by St. Luke and sent down from heaven, are not uncommon, and recall the *Δωτερον* of Ephesus, the image which fell down from Jupiter, mentioned in the Acts. If we may believe Lady Herbert, the practice of flagellation is

still in constant use in Spain, and we all know that the small scourge called a discipline is an essential appendage to a strict Romish devotee. It is not recommended in the Bible or by the primitive fathers, but we find it in high esteem among the priests of Astarte, from whom, no doubt, its use was transmitted to the paganized Christians. Apuleius thus describes it:—

"The fanatics seize the scourge, which is their peculiar implement (*gestamen*), and lash themselves unmercifully with repeated strokes, being fortified against the pain with marvellous constancy. I was surprised on beholding their wounds, and the blood streaming on the ground, how the stomach of the foreign goddess could endure such a spectacle."\*

The same author elsewhere presents us with heathenism under a more pleasing aspect:—

"I beheld," he says, "maidens strewing flowers, followed by a great number of persons of both sexes bearing wax candles, in order to propitiate the Lady Daughter of the Stars. Then came boys in white, chanting a melodious hymn, next a crowd of the religious, male and female, with pure white dresses; the women wearing white veils on their heads, the men in linen robes, with their hair shorn. Some beating their breasts, others bearing palms and pyxes, the mystic symbols of our Lady of Help. Finally, the long succession of images, altars, and sacred vases, is closed by a priest, from whose shoulders hung down to the ankles a precious cloak, embroidered all over with strange animals, such as Indian dragons and Hyperborean griffins, men call it the 'Olympian stole.' This priest carries on his happy bosom the ineffable and indescribable symbol of the Supreme Divinity. It was not like any living thing, not even like man himself, but was the inexpressible manifestation of the highest and most mysterious secret of the religion; in short, a small round urn of polished gold, exquisitely wrought."†

After reading this account of the mysteries of Isis in the last age of paganism, we can be at no loss how to explain why the Host is carried in procession in a golden pyx or monstrance, on the festival of Corpus Christi in the modern Roman Church. In the primitive Church of Rome there was no Host at all. "Hostias domino offeram?" "Shall I offer victims to the Lord," is the indignant question of the Roman Christian in Minucius Felix, "when the victim fit for sacrifice is a good mind, a pure understanding and sincere judgment?"‡ The

\* Met. viii.

† xi.

‡ The full text of the passage is "Hostias et victimas domino offeram, quas in usum mei protulit, ut rejiciam ei suum munus! Ingratum est; cum sit libellula hostia bonus animus et pura mens et sincera sententia." Octavius, 32.

\* Sozom. xiv. 8.

† Ammian. xxii. 13.

‡ vi. 2.



very shape of the consecrated wafer is borrowed from the round cakes of flour customary in the heathen sacrifices. Communion in one kind seems to have passed into the Church from the Manichean heretics, of whom St. Augustine says, "vinum non bibunt." If we may believe the same father, those heretics also entertained some very gross and carnal notions as to the corporal admixture of a divine substance with the bread in the eucharist, which may have suggested the idea that developed into transubstantiation at a later period. The words of the mass are, for the most part, the pious and scriptural prayers of the early Church, and as there is no reason why they should be kept secret, it seems strange that they should be read in an obsolete language, and muttered over so as to be unintelligible even to good Latin scholars. But the difficulty is explained when we refer to pagan usage. The Hymns of Ancient Rome were read, we are told, in an ancient tongue, "scarcely understood by the priests themselves, but which a reverential scruple forbids to be altered." An affectation of mystery was, no doubt, the cause why priests, enchanters, and other pretenders to the supernatural, endeavoured to conceal what formulae they used. The Egyptian language was preferred by the sorcerers, as we learn from Lucian,\* and he tells us of a Chaldean enchanter who offered a long prayer to the rising sun, "which," he adds, "I could not well understand, for, like bad criers in the market-place, he pronounced in a hurried and indistinct manner, only he seemed to be invoking certain demons, and murmuring certain foreign, barbarous, obscure and polysyllabic words."† This description applies to many of the devotions of the unreformed Churches, especially to the administration of baptism, which, to a stranger, has completely the air of an incantation. But let us turn to what is, after all, the most popular and characteristic part of the worship of modern Romanism. The high altar is by no means the most revered spot in the sanctuaries of the Continent. Behind that altar is a chapel, more richly decorated than any other part of the church, where a group of worshippers may generally be found even when no service is proceeding.

The object of this intense devotion may aptly be described in the language of Lucian, speaking of the image of the Syrian goddess:—

"We behold a majestic female, larger than life, all covered with gold, and precious stones,

and rich attire. Its head is surmounted by rays, its hand bears a sceptre, and its eyes seem to follow every one who looks at it; beneath are placed numerous lamps, and votive tablets and wax models are hung around (precisely as in the chapel of the Virgin now,) memorials of cures and deliverances wrought by the patroness of the sanctuary."\*

The image of Juno at Hierapolis had some other noticeable points of resemblance to those of the Blessed Virgin in the south of Europe. Thus, when it was carried in procession to the lake near the temple, it seemed to guide its bearers, as it were directing them by reins; and it would sometimes refuse to stir till entreated by the high-priest himself, just as in the legend of St. Cuthbert's journey to Durham. "Now there were many fish in the lake, and for their sake great care was taken that Jupiter should not see them until Juno had first been brought down; for all the fish would die if his image were to draw near, but she, standing close at hand, keeps him off, and, by many entreaties, dismisses him pacified." The student of art need not be reminded that this is exactly the part assigned to the Virgin in the legends of the Church of Rome, for she is represented in countless pictures as standing before her Son and deprecating his vengeance, on behalf of mankind. As the cultus of the Blessed Virgin Mary is every year rapidly on the increase, and threatens ere long to be the one religious idea of a large part of Christendom, it becomes a most interesting question to ask, whence it is derived. Scripture is silent. The fathers, even of the later centuries, were decidedly opposed to it. Everything proclaims it to be an inheritance from paganism. In all heathen systems a prominent share is taken by the worship of nature. Her various powers and aspects have been invariably personified under the character of ideal and mostly feminine being, to whom the imagination of poets has subsequently assigned fanciful names, and allegorical actions and offices. In the decline of the classical paganism, the old poetic legends of Greece, Rome, Asia, and Egypt were subjected to philosophic treatment, and the substantial unity of the various goddesses came to be generally recognized. Thus the devotee of Isis in Apuleius addresses his patron deity as follows: "O Queen of heaven, by whatsoever name thou art called, whether benign Ceres, or heavenly Venus, or sister of Phœbus, or awful Proserpine,"—and this, indeed, seems to have been the doctrine revealed to the initiated in the

\* Philopsalides.

† Menippus.

\* De Dea Syria.



mysteries of Eleusis, but which moreover insisted much on the sorrows of the goddess, meaning, as is supposed, the grief of nature for the bloom of spring blighted by scorching suns and desert storms. Now with the public mind saturated with such notions as these, and inured by the habits of ages to the contemplation of womanly grace, purity, loveliness, tenderness, and, above all, maternity, what a void must have been felt on the promulgation of Christianity! Indeed, the writings of the fathers prove that this was the principal stumbling-block in the way of the Gospel becoming popular. A King of Heaven had been revealed, but where was the Queen? Her throne stood empty. The personified Church — "Jerusalem, the mother of us all" — seemed a cold abstraction, and failed to content the popular craving for the familiar form of the heavenly lady.

Men did not think of calling God our Father and Mother, as Theodore Parker used to do. The heretical sects again and again introduced some female saint or heavenly being, a Helena, or such-like imaginary creature, to the notice of the Christian public; but the void was not filled up, and the demand for a goddess was increasingly experienced, as ignorant converts pressed into the Church under the Christian emperors. At length, in some of the eastern controversies of the fourth century, attention was almost accidentally drawn to the position of the Virgin Mother. The subtle disputes about the nature of the God-man drew men's thoughts to Mary, and at once, just as in the electrotpe process, the floating paganism, which hung diluted in the spirit of the times, precipitated itself around her figure as a centre, and overlaid the simple Mary of Nazareth, as she appears in the Gospel, with a gorgeous and elaborate chasing of variegated superstition. By a curious felicity every traditional feeling, every passionate longing of the old faith, found what it needed in some aspect of St. Mary. As Virgin, she gratified the admiration for maidenly purity expressed in the worship of Minerva and the chaste Diana, the latter resigning to her the crescent moon, which a happy misapplication of the Apocalypse placed beneath her feet. As Mother (*Theotokos*), she realized the aspirations of the devotees of Cybele, mother of the gods, and Demeter, the sorrowing parent, whose grief for Proserpine was perpetuated in her dolours at the cross. Like Vesta, she has priestesses devoted to perpetual virginity. A queen of heaven like Juno, she is like Venus Aphrodite, connected with the sea by a false etymology of her

name. She has, too, somehow appropriated a star like the old Grecian deity, and is much worshipped by mariners as the star of the sea. Women bewail her griefs as they did those of Venus Astarte for Adonis or Tammuz. As Spouse, by some wresting of the Canticles, she is no less renowned, and is as much worshipped in the Levant as ever Isis was; and here, too, the dolours find a place, for the sorrow of Isis for her murdered husband was every year commemorated by a solemn fast. Nor are howlings at night wanting to complete her resemblance to *Hecate*, as Ford has justly remarked in speaking of Spanish customs. This strange metamorphosis of the modest retiring woman Mary into a gaudy, bustling, interfering, spiritual potentate, delighting in fine clothes and coarse flattery, was first encouraged by a council at Ephesus, which had been for ages the seat of the worship of a virgin goddess, and it was finally sanctioned by another council held in Bithynia, the favourite haunt of the Idæan mother of the gods and her followers, the Corybantes. The time and space forbid me to bring forward other illustrations, with which all antiquity abounds, of the transition from paganism to corrupt Christianity.

It is by no means implied that *everything* pagan was on that account unfit to be incorporated in Christianity. Some of the usages referred to were simply the natural expression of devotion; others, as embroidered robes, chanting, and incense, had been sanctioned in the worship of the Hebrew Church. The object of this essay is merely to remove all mystery from the peculiarities of unreformed Christianity, and to show that it has nothing which may not be satisfactorily accounted for by natural causes. No doubt many pagan customs were adopted without any bad intention; or, as in the recommendation of Gregory the Great to Augustine of Canterbury,\* with the good object of winning the heathen to the Gospel. The ceremonial and legendary system of paganism had many romantic charms which are still retained by them under their Christian dress. But though some admixture of pagan ideas and practices might be innocently tolerated, it is quite another matter when we see a vast structure of errors, such as Apostles and martyrs died to withstand, superadded to the faith once delivered to the saints.† Tacitus tells us that even the ancient Germans thought it unworthy the dignity of heavenly beings to fashion the

\* Bede, l. 30.

† "If I build again the things which I destroyed, I make myself a transgressor." — St. Paul, Gal. ii. 18.

gods after the likeness of the human countenance.\* It is to be hoped that no nation of Teutonic descent will voluntarily return to that half-Christianized paganism of Rome which its ancestors rejected.

N. G. BATT.

\* Germ. 9.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.

A NEW mania in journalism. The newspaper has arrived at the illustrated phase. Comic literature has come out of the epidemic tolerably successfully; the magazines have got down to a dead level of bad drawing and worse engraving; and now comes the turn of the more serious publications — the newspapers. We shall soon see what they make of it. The growing taste for pictures, and the demand for art education, has recently brought into existence two illustrated papers, which are, in every respect, novelties in journalism. We allude to the *Graphic*, and the *Illustrated Midland News*.

Looking at what the provinces had achieved in the way of newspapers, the projectors of the *Illustrated Midland News* declared that the time had arrived when the country might fairly compete with London in the production of an illustrated newspaper. As the metropolis of the Midlands, they selected Birmingham for their headquarters. In September, last year, the paper appeared. The first number reached nearly thirty thousand copies. In less than two months we find the editor writing almost pathetically of the difficulties attending the publication of an illustrated paper in the provinces: —

"With plenty of money there is no difficulty whatever in producing a magnificent illustrated paper in London. Every appliance for the work is at your command. Artists, engravers, printers, are on the spot ready to receive and execute your orders. In the country all is new and strange. There is hardly an artist in the provinces who can draw upon the wood for newspaper illustrations; and we have met with no engraver who could cut the artist's work, supposing the block was prepared. Ninety-nine out of every hundred printers in the country know nothing of 'bringing up cuts.' To print an illustrated newspaper in Birmingham is to introduce a new industry into the provinces. In face of enormous difficulties we have started this new industry; we have added a new branch to provincial printing; we have added a fresh page to the history of provincial journalism; we have

shown, once more, that with energy and perseverance the country can do all that London can do in journalism."

Not quite all. The writer gushed just a trifle in this part of his leader. He would admit the soft impeachment we are sure. But here are some details which are interesting: —

"We have had some curious instances of the general want of knowledge concerning pictorial papers. Our artist was present the other day at a festival gathering. The director was astonished that a picture of the event could not be published in the current issue of our paper, which would appear two days afterwards. Some of our readers would be exceedingly surprised could they watch the progress of a local illustration from its commencement until its publication in the *Illustrated Paper*. In the first place the artist must make his sketch; then he, or a draughtsman having special experience of the subject, re-draws the sketch upon a prepared block of wood. He must define every detail with care and exactness. When his work is finished the wood holds a high-class drawing, such as might cost you in an ordinary way from five to fifty guineas. It has then to be engraved. Supposing the picture is a large one, the block is divided and placed in the hands of several engravers. They cut the wood, with the sharpest of edge tools, into such a shape that the printer can take impressions from it. This process alone, for a block the full size of one of our pages, cannot be covered, in the most ordinary case, by an expense of less than twenty guineas. Twenty guineas for the mere engraving of a single picture! It is then far from ready to print. The practised machine-printer, with something of an artist's feelings for the lights and shadows of the drawing, next proceeds to prepare his block for the press. Special over-lays and underlays, bearers for the lighter parts, strengthening coverings for the heavier shadows, have to be cut and carved and fitted. The whole process is one requiring the greatest care and judgment; and all this work is supplemented with the ordinary labours attending the publication of a newspaper. If any difficulty arises in the course of the work, there are no skilled hands in the next street to render assistance. A few weeks ago we felt these obstacles immensely. We feel them no longer. Our last impression is one that we can point to with honest satisfaction."

The editor wrote this in November. The *Graphic* had not then appeared. Within the last few weeks the provincial conductor has made further progress in his mechanical arrangements. Some of his illustrations have by no means been up to the high standard of excellence which is necessary to maintain the success of the early numbers. These, however, were the work of

London artists and engravers of repute. Perhaps the engraver was overworked, or taxed too much in the way of rapid production. Determined to overcome every obstacle, the conductor of the difficult enterprise has at last begun to produce his woodcuts at home. This has only been accomplished by taking London engravers down to Birmingham; but for the first time wood engraving, for an illustrated periodical, has been done in Birmingham. An interesting correspondence on the subject has appeared in the *Birmingham Daily Post*, in which it is proposed to form a class for engraving in connection with the School of Art. The conductor of the new paper has, therefore, done this for the provinces: he has produced an illustrated newspaper out of London, printed and published it, and he will shortly complete his scheme by having his illustrations engraved on his own premises in that extraordinary town of Birmingham which makes everything: if it be grateful, it will make the fortunes of the proprietors of the *Illustrated Midland News*.

It is not a little singular that illustrated journalism should owe so much to countrymen. Mr. Ingram, the founder of the *Illustrated London News*, was a Lincolnshire man, and he projected the famous London paper at Nottingham. His partner, Mr. Cooke, (who is connected with the *Graphic*) was a native of Worcestershire. It is said that the *London News* paid from the first week. The idea occurred to Mr. Ingram through the great additional sale which any newspaper in London or the country obtained when accompanied by a picture. "If one illustration makes so much difference," said Mr. Ingram, "what an enormous sale a paper would have which should be full of pictures." Everybody knows what a happy thought that was. The *Illustrated London News* is famous, as it deserves to be, all over the world. Competitors from time to time have sprung up, with but partial success. Mr. Ingram was jealous of opposition. He bought the *Illustrated Times*, and this, together with the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, belongs to the same proprietor as the *News*. Mrs. Ingram, a most estimable lady (widow of the late proprietor, who was a member from Boston), is the sole owner of the *Illustrated London News*. The first Christmas supplement of that paper was suggested by Mr. Ingram, and produced by the veteran journalist, Mark Lemon, whose pen (with that of the most graceful essayist of these modern days, Shirley Brooks) has adorned its pages ever since.

The illustrated paper for the country did

not profess rivalry with the London paper. It is half the price, and is modest in its aims, appealing to the country and "to Midlanders everywhere;" but the *Graphic* challenged illustrated literature generally. It raised its standard in the Strand; it openly declared that there never had been a really good illustrated paper; and it claimed the foremost place in picture papers. With regard to wood engravings, the Christmas number of the *Graphic* was certainly a triumph of art. There has not been anything in England superior to it. Since then, some of its current numbers have been nearly equal to the supplement. But the *Graphic* can hardly be called a newspaper. It is a critical and art review, a weekly magazine, a pictorial essayist; and it is, without doubt, a remarkable and fine work work — highly creditable to English art and English enterprise. In America it has been the cause of general press discussion. *Harper's Weekly* has reproduced nearly all the *Graphic* pictures. Pressmen in this country would at once believe that the *Graphic* had made an arrangement with *Harper* for the purchase of electrotypes from the Strand; but this is not so. *Harper* photographs the *Graphic* upon wood-blocks, engraves and prints them as its own. Piracy of this kind is practised by all the illustrated papers in America, just as it is practiced by the editors and publishers of literary periodicals and books. The absence of an international copyright law, places the whole of the English press at the disposal of the American publishers. And they avail themselves right merrily of everything worthy their attention. No sooner is "The Holy Grail" published in England at seven shillings, than it is pirated and sold in America for fivepence! *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper* is less guilty of this crime of piracy than its contemporaries. *Frank Leslie's* chief delinquency is his "Spirit of the European Press," which is a reproduction of the best pictures of the French, English, and German papers. Occasionally he helps himself to a *Punch* illustration; the other day he condescended to avail himself of the design of a new cattle truck from the *Illustrated Midland News*, and to adapt the original text to the requirements of his New York readers. And yet we find *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper* combating the criticism of the American non-illustrated papers, and condemning, in hearty terms, the pilfering of *Harper's Weekly*, and the others. So much for American journalism! *Frank Leslie* is by far the most honestly illustrated paper in America. An occasional honourable quotation of the source of foreign pic-

tures and foreign matter would place the paper above reproach.

It will be interesting to note the difference between the borrowed cuts which appear in the European papers. In England, France, and Germany there is a system of purchase or exchange of illustrations. The *Illustrated London News* has long been in the habit of selling electrotypes, or duplicates of some of its illustrations, to French journals. Nearly all the pictures in the *Illustrated Times* are French electrotypes. It is the duty of an agent in Paris to select these each week, and send them over to London. They are not old blocks, as some people imagine; they cannot be old, because they illustrate current events. Take, for example, some of the foreign pictures that have appeared in the *Illustrated Midland News*. By an arrangement with a leading paper in Paris, the proprietors of this paper shared the expense of producing certain pictures which on being engraved were electrotyped, and became the English copyright of the English paper. There is some little prejudice, however, in this country even against legitimate treaties of this kind; for we observe the *Midland* paper is gradually making its way out of the arrangement which was evidently a feature in its original plan.

The illustrated papers in the colonies are mostly too far away from contemporary publications to obtain the assistance of *cliches*; but for all that the illustrated mania is spreading even in the colonies. Australia and New Zealand have produced very creditable illustrated papers. A new one has recently appeared, illustrated with lithographic pictures, which means two printings, the first on a lithographic machine, the second on a letterpress machine. This may be suitable for a paper with a small circulation, but it would be hardly applicable where large numbers are required. Now is the time for the oft-threatened revolution in wood engraving. Every substitute for the wood block has failed so far. The man who could hit upon an invention for making a drawing on wood which could be printed, with ordinary type, without the tedious and expensive process of engraving, would make his fortune in a month. He would ruin a most industrious and exemplary class of men, it is true; but Progress stops at neither coaches, hand-weavers, nor engravers. The latter need have no fear, however, at present; the signs of the revolution are further off than the perfection of the typesetting machine. When the day of inexpensive picture-printing comes, we may look for illustrated *Daily Telegraphs* and

*Pictorial Standards*. Fancy the *Telegraph's* leaders illustrated, and the *Standard* adding bitterness to its articles, during times of excitement, with political cartoons. Imagine a flood of illustrated replies morning and evening, together with fierce general controversies, carried on by means of pen and pencil. Fancy the *Echo's* semi-leaders, each with a picture; and the *Globe's* political essays adorned with fancy portraits of the opposition. Imagine the *Superfine Review* cutting in with *Girl of the Period* sketches; and the *Rock* with pictures of ritualistic parsons. And then picture the provincial press teeming with the works of native talent—Potts, with an artist at his elbow. We mean no offence to the country press. We know that Potts only exists in a few insignificant towns. We pause to shut out from our mental vision this dreadful flood of illustrated possibilities. The reader will be glad to take breath also. Permit it, O worthy printer—successor of the immortal Cave! Take up the next contributor's "copy;" and pray goodness his theme carry him not into such exciting chances!

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From The Spectator, Mar. 10.  
THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

THE news that the Duke de Montpensier had slain his cousin, Henry of Bourbon, in a duel at Alcorcon sent up Spanish funds in Madrid rather more than one per cent. Astute speculators in that capital have long since decided that the Duke is of all candidates for the Throne the one most likely to prove a good housewife to the Treasury, and they are well aware that one serious obstacle to his election is a vague impression current among Spaniards that he is wanting in personal courage. This, it was felt, would be dissipated by the circumstances of the duel, and consequently his chance of the Throne improved, and consequently the funds rose,—a curiously cynical revelation of the depth of religious feeling in Spain. Nevertheless, we doubt if the Duke has increased his favour either with his own caste or with sensible politicians by challenging his cousin. He has, in the first place, helped to break down one of the very few remaining barriers against the spread of duelling on the Continent. The law is powerless everywhere against this form of crime, neither the Catholic nor the Protestant faiths have on this point the smallest influence on their most fervent disciples, but still it could be alleged that duelling was the only vice from which the

Royal Houses as a rule abstained. Their abstinence was due, no doubt, in part to the pride of rank, the feeling that as they could find no equals they could also recognize no adversaries; that insult to them was as impossible as insult by an animal to a man, but it was also due in part to a much subtler and nobler sentiment. They are all in their own eyes possible Kings, and Kings have universally disapproved of duelling. The most cynically aristocratic of monarchs, Frederick of Prussia, who never gave a commission to a commoner and never sympathized with any form of suffering, still made duelling capital and executed the law. Napoleon, brutal soldier as he was, strove hard to put it down, and the legitimate monarchs have always held it a first-class offence in any prominent servant of the Crown. An Ambassador, for example, must resign in order to send a challenge; and among Princes, Napoleon Jerome is, we believe, in our day the only one who has sent a challenge, and he did not fight. The feeling seems to be that a subject in fighting a duel risks in his private quarrel a life which belongs to his sovereign, and if we take the Sovereign to be the representative of the State, the feeling is not only just, but one of the highest political value. If duelling is defensible, so also is private war, and the sanctity of the State as the sole entity for which a man may justifiably surrender his life finally disappears. The Duke in fighting his cousin has barred himself from ever expressing one of the most noble as well as most useful of the ideas of his caste. Even to sign a general order deprecating duels will in him appear a mere concession to a political necessity. Moreover he is something more than a mere Prince of a royal house, he is himself a prominent candidate for a throne, who bases his claim not on descent, but on his probable usefulness to the people. Yet he risks a life which he declares, by the fact of candidature, to be of such enormous value to his country, risks a succession which on his own theory would be of incalculable advantage to seventeen millions of people, in order to avenge a private affront. Better Spain be left in anarchy than Antoine d'Orleans, who says he is the hope of Spain, be called foolish names. Supposing the Duke in the smallest degree to believe in himself — and most men do believe in themselves in a greater or less degree — no conduct more profoundly immoral can be imagined, and the provocation received was just the kind to add to the gravity of the offence. His adversary, Henry of Bourbon, though a man of considerable parts and

courage, was notoriously a scatterbrain, a man whose abuse signified as little as any ordinary Admiral's oaths, who said and wrote anything that came into an impulsive mind; and he was, moreover, the man of all others with whom a son of Louis Philippe should not have fought. According to a belief which at the time was universal, the atrocious intrigue known as the Spanish marriages broke a career which otherwise might have been a splendid one. The bright, handsome, head-strong sailor was the choice of Queen Isabella; he was just the man to have swayed such a wife, and had she been allowed her own way, she might now have been Queen, and he the virtual Premier of the country which has just sent up its funds, because his cousin has shot him. A little extra bitterness against the House of Orleans might be excused in a man with such a history; a little extra forbearance would not have misbe-seemed one so well aware of, and so largely profiting by, the worst transaction in which his family were engaged. In shooting Henry of Bourbon the Duke de Montpensier killed the man whom of all others he should have spared, to avenge insults which of all others would least have injured him, through a breach of an etiquette which among the etiquettes of his caste is, perhaps, the only one good men feel heartily inclined to respect.

But we shall be told the opinion of the Continent, and more especially of Spain, demanded the duel, and demanded, moreover, that it should be *à la mort*. It did not. Nothing can show the absurdity of such a statement better than the fact that if the Duke had been a victor in battle, or if the insulter had been of any blood but the Bourbon, the duel would never have come off. No doubt the slur cast by accident on the Duke's reputation for courage made it the more difficult for him to decline the combat, but he would not have felt the difficulty had his assailant been of lower birth. Charges almost precisely similar were made by S. Castelar without even a remonstrance, and the privilege of free speech conceded to a member of the Cortes might have been fairly enough conceded to a Bourbon with a history like that of Prince Henry. The rank of the assailant no doubt removed a barrier of etiquette, but then it also created a motive for insult which made insult innocuous. As to the form in which those charges were conveyed, it was precisely that which deprived them of their sting. To be accused of treason, intrigue, and bribery may be serious, but when the accuser calls his own relative and a Prince of the blood "a



bloated French pastrycook," the accusation degenerates into abuse as worthy of answer or of punishment as the slang of a cabby disappointed of an excess fare. Kings do not fight their traducers, and the Duke de Montpensier is trying to be a king, and should have manifested with the ambition of royalty some sense of the self-restraint which royalty always demands, and usually, we are bound to say, secures. To the minds of men who can think he will never have seemed so unworthy of a Crown as at the moment when he swept away the principal obstacle to its attainment. Louis Philippe's was not a character which the world will ever cordially admire; but if there could be a character less kingly, it would be Louis Philippe without his habit of self-restraint.

We do not care to test the propriety of a duel like this by the ordinary moral law, because we know perfectly well that the words would fall as dead on our readers' ears as the words of a clergyman when he answers a proposition in politics by a text from the Sermon on the Mount. They would be considered eminently proper, slightly feeble, and entirely beside the point. Everybody would agree that the Duke de Montpensier had contemplated suicide and committed murder, and slightly admire him for the undaunted coolness with which he had contrived to combine in one and the same incident both those offences, offences of which his own conscience was fully aware, for immediately after their perpetration he fainted away from remorse. His moral nerve was proof against everything except the success of the enterprise which he had so carefully prepared, for which he had written a challenge, chosen seconds, written his will, done a hundred acts inconsistent with sudden passion. But we should like to ask how it happens that Continental Radicals so readily condone and even approve these summary executions. Suppose the Duke had been elected, and as Antony of Spain had arrested Prince Henry for his libel, tried him, condemned him to death, and executed him with his own hand, what would have been the result? A yell of execration throughout the Continent, and half-a-dozen attempts to slay the murderer as a justifiable revenge; yet because he has done all this without the trial, there is a roar of applause. What is the moral difference? That the Duke risked his own life all the while? That is the only one, and it just amounts to this — that personal courage is an excuse for tyranny, whenever the tyrant is not within his legal right. The Duke illegally inflicted a capital sentence as pun-

ishment for a vulgar libel. That is the plain truth of the matter, and the fact that Republicans cannot see it, that they will be more impressed by our argument drawn from the Duke's rank as Pretender, than by the argument that libel does not deserve death, shows how far mankind still are from any coherent ideas as to the morality of punishment. The first article of the continental Republican creed is that no political libel is an offence, and the second, that to kill the libeller is decidedly meritorious.

From St. Pauls.

#### ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS.\*

THE Messrs. Blackwood have announced their intention of bringing out a series of small volumes with the view of explaining to those who do not read Latin and Greek what the classics are. "It is proposed," they say in their opening advertisement, "to give in these little volumes some such introduction to the great writers of Greece and Rome as may open to those who have not received a classical education, — or in whose case it has been incomplete and fragmentary, — a fair acquaintance with the contents of their writings, and the leading features of their style." Homer has of course been put in the van, and the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* have already been "done" by the Rev. W. Lucas Collins. Herodotus is to be next given to us. And after the Herodotus we are promised Virgil and Horace, the Greek tragedians and Aristophanes, Cicero and Juvenal. Others, we are told, will follow. We now notice the enterprise because we think that if it be well done, it will afford an easy means of removing very common and very dense ignorance as to authors whose names are common in our mouths; and also because Mr. Collins has been remarkably successful with the two great poems attributed to the ancient bard.

Mr. Collins, however, under whose superintendence the whole series is to be brought out, has no doubt had his pick and choice, and has chosen well. In describing the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of Homer, he has had a tale to tell, and, in each case, a tale which, from its marvellous incidents, can be made almost as interesting in prose to the ordinary reader of English, as it has been in verse, first to those who heard it repeated to them in their vernacular language, and in

\* *Ancient Classics for English Readers*. Edited by the Rev. W. L. Collins. Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.



latter years to the comparatively few in number who have read Greek, or the hardly more numerous class who have made themselves acquainted with the poems by means of translation. Both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are singularly well adapted for such work as Mr. Collins has done. The stories of Herodotus also, which we call history, and in which the true and the fabulous are delightfully mingled, will afford scope for a narrative, though hardly for one so continued as those which Mr. Collins has been able to produce from the long poems of Homer. But we doubt whether Horace, and Cicero, and Juvenal, can be reproduced and made intelligible in volumes that shall be as readable as those which we have now in our hands. The story of the *Æneid* we shall be glad to have. The family woes of *Cædipus*, the horrors of *Agamemnon* and his family, the wrongs of *Prometheus*, and the other old sources of Greek tragedy, may be made familiar to many to whom *Antigone* and *Ismene*, *Clytemnestra* and *Orestes*, are at present merely names. When there is a story to tell, such a volume may be made charming reading. When there is none,—as there will be none in regard to such poets as Horace and Juvenal, or in treating of the works of a thinker such as Aristotle,—the description of the authors may be equally valuable to those who will read it, but the number of readers will probably be much less. The name of Aristotle has not yet been inserted in the list; but in treating of ancient classics for English readers who do not read Greek or Latin, we presume that Mr. Collins will not omit the works of the philosopher whose thoughts have had more influence on our ways of thinking than have those of any other classic that has come down to us.

We do not believe in royal roads to learning,—or indeed in royal roads to any great aims. Mr. Collins with his little books will not teach men and women Greek and Latin, nor will he make them acquainted with the poetry or the history or the philosophy of the Greek and Latin writers. Such knowledge can be obtained only in the old-fashioned way,—by study, till from long study enjoyment and knowledge will come. But the attainment of such a royal road is not, we imagine, the object intended by these little books. To know what Homer did, to be really acquainted with his work,—and to know what it was that he did, are two different things. To have acquired the former knowledge is a great thing. To obtain the latter is but a little thing; but the little thing is worth obtaining, and may be of much value to readers of English,—if

only they will be careful not to imagine or to lead others to imagine that because they have got the little thing, they are therefore in possession also of that which is great. We may presume that the great world of English readers does not read Greek and Latin. To find a lady that reads either of them is rare. May we not almost say, after all that our public schools and universities are supposed to do for us, after the many years devoted by so large a number of our youths to the learning of Greek and Latin, that it is not common to find even educated men who really read the classics. But as the English world grows older and progresses and is improved, thousands of real readers are every year added to our customers for books, who have never gone through,—shall we say the farce or the fact?—of learning the two great dead languages. To all these,—whether they have ever attempted to learn and yet do not know, or do not know because they have never attempted to learn,—the names of the classic authors become almost painfully familiar. Homer, Virgil, and Horace, the Greek tragedians, Herodotus, Cicero, and Cæsar,—Horace and Cicero, perhaps more generally than any others,—are spoken of in their hearing as authors with whom all the world is acquainted. Now we do not agree with the common acceptance of the proverb which tells us that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. To read Homer in the original, and to have read it till the grandeur and simplicity of the poems have developed themselves, is a very fine thing; but it is not given to every one to get to Corinth. When you cannot see Corinth, it is something to know what Corinth is like, if at the period in which you live Corinth be in much repute. Read some account of Corinth, so that you may understand others when they talk of the fair city,—only be careful not to leave suggestions that you have been there, while in truth you have not made a journey. Most of us take our Bacon and our Newton, many of us our Locke and even our Adam Smith, second-hand; but we are glad to know, even though it be after a hazy fashion, what it was that those great men did for us. In the same way we may be glad to learn,—and to learn, not in a hazy way, but with much perspicuity,—the nature and purport and extent of some of the best-known of the old Greek and Latin writers. Of the Greek poets there are no doubt great translations. Homer has been treated magnificently by the translators, and very much has been done to give in English versions the peculiar sweetness and terse happiness of the prince of lyric poets. But the translations

of Homer are of course long works, and though they have of late years been multiplied for us with excessive care, are not very much read. As to Horace, we generally find that those who enjoy the translations are those who are able also to enjoy the original. Indeed we know but few works that have become really popular by means of translation, and those have been prose writings. The *Arabian Nights*, *Plutarch's Lives*, *Don Quixote*, *Froissart's Chronicles*, *Montaigne's Essays*, and *Gil Blas*, are, we think, more generally read than any translations even of Homer or Dante. And yet it cannot but be a matter of great interest, let us say for an educated lady, to know what it was that Homer sung, to understand something of the earliest known tale of that most memorable of all campaigns, the siege of Troy, and to become personally acquainted with Achilles, Menelaus, and Ulysses, with Priam, Hector, and Æneas. Who was Tydides, and who the son of Telamon? How came it to pass that Telemachus went forth on his travels with his guide, philosopher, and friend? Of what sort was the woman Calypso? And what was the family history of that Polyphemus whom we see in pictures, and of whom it is generally known that he was ill-treated in the matter of his eyesight? We all know *Enone* from Tennyson's poems, but of what nature were her wrongs, and how came it to pass that she prayed so fervently that ere she died she might meet and grapple with,—

“The Abominable that uninvited came  
Into the fair Peleian banquet-hall,  
And cast the golden fruit upon the board?”

If only because they are the far-away fountains from which so many of our rivers of literature have taken their spring, it is desirable that we should know, at least, what was the nature of the work done by the old authors whose names, but whose names only, are common in our ears.

This has already been done by Mr. Collins in regard to Homer, and has been done remarkably well. In the first place, we may assure our readers that the two little books which he has produced are very pleasant reading;—as good as a novel we might say, that being a common expression, were it not that they are very much better than most novels. He contrives to excite and to support the interest of the story told, so that the unlearned reader follows and comprehends without the labour of a weary study. In his narrative of the *Iliad* we are made to understand the boyish grandeur of the Greek heroes, and the

childlike malice of the Olympian gods, who were Greek or Trojan in their sympathies, according to the party to which each god or goddess was devoted. Most readers who thus begin their Homeric experience will be astonished to find how very like are those feeders on ambrosia, as described by Homer, to the tinsel absurdities whom we see personified in our modern burlesques;—how very like in action and in feeling, though the language put into their mouths by the poet is grand and sonorous. The gods are monstrous in their malice, their schemes, and their jealousies; and the heroes themselves are like high-spirited, thoughtless boys. Agamemnon is a fine head-of-the-school, held as such to be altogether sacred in his person, with just so much of wisdom as a sense of responsibility will give even to a boy. Nestor is the old chap, who has hung on at school till he is popularly supposed to be twenty,—who is almost a man, so prudent has he become, and who has at his finger's ends all the experiences of the school. Ulysses is the cunning fellow, who knows every dodge; can get out at night without being detected, and who, when he is called on to fight, always wins, but never fights fair. And what great school has ever been without its Achilles, the boy who can lick the head-of-the-school easily, only that the head-of-the-school has a sanctity too great to allow of his being licked; who won't play in the match because he can't have it all his own way, and who sulks apart with a friend,—some Patroclus or Boswell,—that lives upon his rare smiles, echoes his words, and believes in his wrongs. And yet, though these heroes be boys, their words are so grand and their actions are so full of movement, that never was there so magnificent an assemblage of words together as that contained in the *Iliad*.

The interposition of the gods on every occasion, by which worsted warriors are carried away in the clouds, death-wounds are cured on the spot, invisibility is given for a while to this or that hero, and all kinds of unjust miracles are performed, is very trying to the reader's feelings. It becomes almost useless for him to sympathize either with Greek or Trojan, seeing that some odious god will surely come upon the scene, and have it all his own way, let the hero be ever so heroic! There is this slight consolation,—that when Hector, with whom the reader will certainly sympathize, comes by his bitter end, fighting his last battle not as gallantly as he should have done, there is always that excuse to be made. Juno had just then got the better of her besotted husband, and the thing had been “made

safe" in Olympus. The Greeks and Trojans mean to fight it out on the square, but there is always some "cross" arranged by the gods. All this is told us by Mr. Collins in a fashion which enables us really to understand of what nature is this poem of which lovers of literature never cease to talk.

The Odyssey, we think, is even better adapted for the purpose in hand than the Iliad, and has, in its present shape, produced a delightful little story. In this poem Ulysses wanders home, and revenges himself upon those suitors of his wife, Penelope, of which we must all have heard at least something. In his adventures Ulysses is always dealing with the miraculous, is encountering fairies, giants, and sirens at every turn, and is enveloped, from the beginning to the end, by a system of machinery of which the slightest article would be a godsend to Mr. Home; but the actual old gods and goddesses are not so vexatious as they are in the Iliad. The demigods and demigoddesses of the Odyssey are more picturesque, and, upon the whole, less unreasonable. The bigger divinities do indeed interfere, but they do so with less annoyance to the friends of the hero, and Ulysses is allowed to accomplish that which throughout the whole poem is desired by

the reader. He gets back to Ithaca, slays the suitors, takes his wife to his bosom, — not, indeed, in the most gallant manner, — and resumes the possession of his swine and dominion of his island. All this is again told by Mr. Collins, and is so told that, could we imagine that Homer had written no Odyssey, and that our present editor, compiler, and exponent had made the story out of his own head, his story, as so written, ought to immortalize him. No such praise as that can be awarded to him; — but we can assure our readers, whether they have read Homer or not, that they will find much to charm them in these two little volumes.

It will remain to be seen whether those that follow will be as well done, — or, indeed, whether others of the classics are capable of being treated in a manner at the same time so playful and so full of scholarship, as that which has been displayed in the Homer. As we have before said, a plain description of the works of many of the ancient classics may probably be so given as to be full of use and interest, and we are glad that the attempt is to be made. Nevertheless, we think that the editor of the series has chosen the best plum for himself, — as a discreet editor should do.

#### ALONE WITH GOD.

ALONE with Thee, my God! alone with Thee!  
Thus wouldst Thou have it still — thus let it be.  
There is a secret chamber in each mind,

Which none can find

But He who made it — none beside can know  
Its joy or woe.

Oft may I enter it, oppressed by care,

And find Thee there;

So full of watchful love, Thou know'st the why  
Of every sigh.

Then all Thy righteous dealing shall I see,  
Alone with Thee, my God! alone with Thee.

The joys of earth are like a summer's day,  
Fading away;

But in the twilight we may better trace  
Thy wondrous grace.

The homes of earth are emptied oft by death  
With chilling breath;

The loved departed guest may open no more  
The well-known door;

Still in that chamber seal'd, thou'lt dwell with  
me,

And I with Thee, my God! alone with Thee.

The world's false voice would bid me enter not

That hallowed spot;

And earthly thoughts would follow on the track

To hold me back,

Or seek to break the sacred peace within

With this world's din.

But, by thy grace, I'll cast them all aside,

Whate'er betide,

And never let that cell deserted be,

Where I may dwell alone, my God, with Thee!

The war may rage! — keep Thou the citadel,

And all is well.

And when I learn the fulness of Thy love

With Thee above —

When every heart oppressed by hidden grief

Shall gain relief —

When every weary soul shall find its rest

Amidst the blest —

Then all my heart, from sin and sorrow free,  
Shall be a temple meet, my God, for Thee!

M. MERLE D'AUBIGNE has published a pamphlet, "Le Concile et l'Infaillibilité."

## CHAPTER VII.

## JOSIAH CREWDSON'S WOOING.

In every woman's breast is born the desire to captivate. It depends on her character whether or not this may develop itself into vanity. But in its early stage, when she is yet totally unacquainted with her own power, she views her charms with hopes and fears, and her great desire is that she may please. It was this which made Dorothy Fox linger over her adornment longer than was her habit on that afternoon when Josiah Crewdson was expected.

He was to arrive at five o'clock, and it was now past four, and time that she should join her mother whose step she had heard descending the stairs fully ten minutes before. Yet Dorothy returned to the glass and gave herself another inspection. She was fully acquainted with her father's wishes, and knew the reason of this visit. The attentions she was bestowing on her appearance were therefore only the natural promptings of a woman's heart to look her best in the eyes of the man who is her lover; for, except by name, Josiah Crewdson was almost unknown to her. She had hesitatingly asked her mother if she had not better put on her lavender silk dress, and Patience had accorded an immediate assent. Dorothy, therefore, in spite of grave colours and old-fashioned style, looked such a girl as the most fastidious man might feel pleased to let his eyes dwell upon. She certainly admired herself, and fearing that this feeling, which was not entirely new to her, might not be quite consistent, she hurried down-stairs to avoid further temptation.

Patience regarded her daughter with eyes full of motherly pride and love, and then the thought came of that some one they were expecting who would perhaps take her treasure from her. At this she repressed a little sigh, which made Dorothy declare that her mother had been over-exerting herself. Then she fetched her work and seated herself by her mother's side to wait Josiah's arrival. After a few minutes' silence, Patience's reverie was disturbed by Dorothy, saying, —

"I am glad Josiah was present at Elizabeth's wedding — it will be so nice to hear all about it. I do so wish father would have let me go."

"I should have liked thee to be present, because it would have given thee pleasure," answered Patience; "and," she added, "for that reason thy father would have desired it too; the dress alone made him refuse thee."

There was a pause, and then Dorothy said suddenly —

"Mother, I never thought our dress so ugly until I saw Audrey Verschoyle. Oh! I should like to wear clothes like those she had on. Was she not beautiful?"

"No," said Patience; "I did not think her beautiful. She was very graceful and elegant, and with a face which would make one say she had more goodness in her heart than in her mouth. She seemed to take a great fancy to thee."

"Yes; she said she wished we lived nearer one another, that she might often see me. I wish so too. Are people who are not Friends mostly like the Verschoyles, I wonder?"

Patience laughed. "That way of putting it is scarcely flattering to ourselves, dear," she said; "though doubtless they who see various places and mix with various people gain a more agreeable manner and mode of expression than stay-at-home folks like us. She interested me greatly, although not so much as her brother did. What did thou think of him?"

Dorothy felt vexed with herself because the foolish colour would mount into her face, and only for the reason that she had naturally thought a good deal of the handsome stranger. How could it be otherwise, indeed, when he was, in a way, the hero in the only event which had ever happened in the whole of her quiet life? So without looking up she answered, —

"He was quite unlike any one I ever saw before. What a pity that he should be a soldier! And yet, mother, dost thou know? I am very fond of reading about soldiers and battles, for they have a kind of charm for me. I fear it is not quite right."

Patience smiled at Dorothy's earnestness, for the atmosphere with which the girl was surrounded naturally had its effect upon her. Dorothy had been so entirely nurtured in the opinions of Friends that the slightest deviation into anything that they considered unallowable was looked upon by her as a failure in duty; and this erring on the right side, as Patience considered it, only caused her to feel greater anxiety that her daughter should see more of the world. For some time past she had been urging Nathaniel to give his consent to her paying a long-promised visit to her sister Grace in London, and afterwards going on to see her aunt Abigail at York.

"I hope thou wilt have more opportunity given thee of seeing the world than I have had, Dorothy," she said. "Sometimes I am led to wonder whether our views are not a

little narrowed by the small circle in which we move. Charles Verschoyle gave me much to reflect upon by his description of the late war. But I hear footsteps — it must be — yes, it is thy father. But where is Josiah Crewdson?" she asked, addressing Nathaniel as he entered.

"He is with me," answered Nathaniel; "only I have out-stepped him by coming through the back way to speak to James. Here he is," and Nathaniel, after allowing Patience to welcome their guest, took him by the arm and led him up to Dorothy, saying —

"Dost thou recollect her? — this is Dorothy."

Josiah thought he stood before the most beautiful creature he had ever seen in his life, and all the speech, which, on his way from Exeter, he had been concocting, and which had seemed to flow more glibly each time he had repeated it to himself, suddenly died away; and all his nervous shyness, which he hoped he had left behind him at Leeds, seemed to rush back upon him, and he could only take Dorothy's stretched-out hand and stammer, —

"Oh! indeed. How art thou?"

Dorothy answered, that she was quite well, and hoped he was the same; and then Josiah sat down in the most uncomfortable position on the nearest chair, and furtively glanced again at Dorothy, who, in order to give him time to recover himself, looked steadily in another direction.

Patience asked him several questions relating to his journey, until Nathaniel, finding it was within half-an-hour of dinner-time, suggested that Josiah had better be shown to his room. He and Patience went off with him, and Dorothy was left alone.

As soon as they were out of the room, Dorothy's face assumed a very blank expression. Oh, how different Josiah was from what she had thought! Not a bit the same. He was so plain — and quite fat — not the least like the man she expected to meet. Poor Josiah certainly suffered very much by comparison with a figure which had for the last few weeks moved pretty constantly in Dorothy's imagination. Quite unknown as it was to herself, I doubt much if she would have been so painfully struck with Josiah's appearance had Fate decreed that they should meet before her adventure with Captain Verschoyle. But since that time, he had formed the type of the romance hero to her — her ideal of a lover; whilst Josiah's light eyes and whiskerless face presented a sorry contrast to this standard of personal perfection.

She was still ruefully contemplating her

disappointment, when the door opened, and the object of her thoughts, having completed his somewhat hasty toilette, entered the room. He had made up his mind to shake off his ridiculous nervousness this time, and to plunge headlong into any topic which presented itself. But with the exception of that never-failing resource, the weather, not an idea would come at his bidding. So she said that it was "very warm, but seasonable;" and this happy remark being agreed to, a silence ensued. Then Dorothy remembered that she was not quite consistently filling her post as hostess, and that it was incumbent upon her to exert herself; and this she did with such purpose, that Josiah became more at his ease, and could manage to give other than monosyllabic answers to the questions put to him. The wedding, of course, proved a delightful theme for conversation, and by the time that Dorothy had laughed over his description of Elizabeth's white stuff dress and gauze veil, Josiah plucked up courage sufficient to tell her how much more he should have enjoyed it had she been there.

"Elizabeth told me to tell thee, that she missed thy face every time she looked at her bridesmaids," said Josiah.

"Dear Elizabeth," said Dorothy, her eyes filling with tears, "she is always so kind. Did she not look very pretty?"

But Josiah was too lost in admiration of the speaker's own sweet face to attend to her words.

"Eh?" said Dorothy.

"What!" replied Josiah.

"Did not Elizabeth look very pretty? I asked thee," returned Dorothy, hardly able to refrain from laughing at his fixed gaze.

"Pretty! oh, yes," hastily answered Josiah, brought to a sense of his absent manner and open-mouthed stare, "but I was thinking of thee; she did not look like thee."

Here Dorothy laughed outright, declaring that he was keeping to that plainness of speech enjoined upon them. On this Josiah tried to defend and explain himself, but to no purpose — she would not listen. So, when Nathaniel and Patience returned, all restraint seemed to have vanished, the two having apparently placed themselves on a perfectly familiar footing. Still, before the evening was over, each one felt that entertaining Josiah was no light task. At dinner, do what they could, it was impossible to draw him into conversation. Nathaniel quite approved of children being brought up as the Crewdsons had been — to hold their tongues at meals and listen to their elders, — but when people arrived at years of discretion it was only fit that this restraint



should be set aside. It was just as well to make the time pass pleasantly. But in the Crewdson household the rule of silence still held good, so that though Josiah made the effort, he found it impossible. When his plate was set before him, he could not do anything but eat up its contents as quickly as possible. Then he felt so awkward under the impression of watching every mouthful the others ate, that he had one helping after another, until Dorothy decided that he had the most enormous appetite of any one she had ever seen. No ale or wine being drunk at dinner, coffee was served immediately afterwards, and they all adjourned to the drawing-room. Here Josiah went through another trial between his wish to assist Dorothy, who was seated at the table pouring out the coffee, and his fear lest he might by some awkwardness or other make himself ridiculous in her eyes. So it ended by his sitting on the very edge of his chair, and starting up like a Jack-in-the-box every time that Dorothy moved to hand the cup to any one. At last, Patience, taking pity on his evident bashfulness, said to him, —

"If thou wert to sit at the table, Josiah, thou might perhaps assist Dorothy."

After the coffee was cleared away, Nathaniel, with the view of bringing the two together (notwithstanding that he gave himself a wonderful stretch indicative of relief as soon as their backs were turned), proposed that Dorothy should show Josiah the garden. This was just what Josiah had been wishing for. But the moment he was alone with her he found he could not say a word. So Dorothy had to take the initiative, and tell him the names of the flowers, and show him "The King's-heart" yew-tree.

During all this time poor Josiah gazed his heart away, so that he lay awake for hours that night recalling all that she had said and done — his own already humble opinion of himself dwindling into nothing as in the quiet of his own fancy he magnified all her charms.

Naturally, the newly-arrived guest was freely discussed by the whole household, who unanimously decided that he wasn't at all the man for Miss Dorothy, of whom everybody said that she was a real beauty, more like a picture than a Quaker. Judith, who in her anxiety to see her dear child's future husband had come out that same evening from Plymouth, was highly indignant at the master for contemplating such a match. She expressed her opinions so plainly, that Dorothy had to take up the defence of Josiah, whom Judith in her wrath had called a calf-faced jolter-head.

"Oh, Judith!" replied Dorothy, reprovingly. "It is wrong of thee to speak so of one whom father thinks so worthy."

"Worthy!" echoed Judith scornfully. "Worthy of bein' ducked for having the impudence to think of you, child, when every day you're growing more sweet."

"What is all this about?" said Patience, who had entered unobserved.

Judith, who stood somewhat in awe of her gentle mistress, looked a little confused as she answered apologetically, —

"It's only me, mistress, letting my feelin's roughen my tongue, and they both run on a good deal too fast; but Mr. Crewdson isn't the man at all I expected to see."

"No?" said Patience, looking rather grave; "but we must not be too hasty in our judgments, Judith."

"I think when he is more accustomed to us, we shall like him better," put in Dorothy; "he is so shy now."

"He is not accustomed to strangers," said Patience; "and thy father tells me old Stephen Crewdson was a stern man, and kept his children in great fear of him. So doubtless Josiah will improve now he is his own master."

Having said this, Patience put her arm round Dorothy and drew her into her own room, thinking that the girl might tell her more definitely her impressions of her future husband. But Dorothy changed the subject, and talked about their projected excursions, until Nathaniel's step was heard upon the stairs. Then she bade her mother good night; and when she was alone wondered if she could ever get to like Josiah. She was very much disappointed in him, certainly; yet there seemed something nice about him. How odd it seemed to think that he might be her husband! Then she fell asleep, and her dreams ran on weddings: and she, dressed like Elizabeth Cash, stood a bride with Josiah at her side, only, instead of being like himself he was like Charles Verschoyle. And when she awoke she thought what stupid nonsense comes into one's head in dreams.

The whole of the following week was devoted to showing Josiah the beauties of the neighbourhood. Dorothy thoroughly enjoyed each day. She felt no restraint before Josiah now, and would run up and down the hills laughing at him; while he, panting and puffing, seemed to gain each summit by the sweat of his brow. He had never yet found courage enough to tell Dorothy of his love for her, which hour by hour he felt growing stronger. He had made two or three attempts, but she had always misinterpreted his speech, or turned it into fun; and the slightest damper effectually put a stop



to this bashful wooing. But now the last day had come, for he was to leave them the next morning. So Josiah was unusually silent, feeling that he ought to say something, and that Nathaniel would expect it of him. But how to say it while she was asking him questions and telling him stories about things so entirely removed from the subject he had at heart, he did not know. Still this was almost his last chance, for after their return from Castle Hill they were to rejoin Patience and Nathaniel. In the midst of Dorothy's speculations, then, as to the different appearance the place presented now from what it did in the olden time, when it had been the constant scene of bloodshed and warfare — for this afternoon all was so peaceful and calm, that it was a fitting place for boys and girls to play and make sweet echo with their gleeful voices — Josiah suddenly burst out with, —

"Dorothy, I do love you. I am so fond, that is — O Dorothy! dost thou like me?"

Dorothy looked up rather startled at this abrupt diversion; but none of that confusion or bashfulness, which a girl feels when she first discovers that she is loved by the man she loves, either stirred her nature or showed itself in her manner as she answered with assumed gravity, hiding a smile which lurked about the corners of her mouth, —

"Like thee, Josiah? oh, yes. Are we not told to love all men as brothers?"

There was a pause. Then Dorothy looked up, and her eyes meeting his, he said, *his* face instead of Dorothy's growing scarlet, —

"But, Dorothy, thou art so beautiful."

"Oh! Josiah, how canst thou!" exclaimed Dorothy in a tone of rebuke.

"Remember, 'Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain,' and we ought to bear our testimony against vanity of personal looks. I wonder at thee;" and Dorothy glanced with a great degree of complacency towards Josiah, and an increased desire to know what he had to say to her. But these two answers had completely overwhelmed Josiah, whose small stock of eloquence immediately forsook him. The teaching he had so long received, to the effect that whenever he was going to act on his own impulses he was certain to make himself ridiculous, now took possession of him. He had only stammered and stuttered out something about their two fathers having intended that they should like each other, and that he was such an awkward sort of fellow, when they met Patience and Nathaniel. The missionary meeting being held that night at King's-head, no other opportunity presented itself.

But before Josiah and Dorothy said good night, he whispered to her, —

"Dorothy, thou wilt try and like me?"

"Try?" she said laughingly; "I tell thee I do like thee." She ran up-stairs, but turned round when she reached the top; and, finding that Josiah still stood looking after her, she nodded and laughed the more, thinking "what a funny face he has when he looks like that," which meant that a despairing expression did not suit poor Josiah's common-place countenance. Charles Verschoyle would have expressed his feelings by a look which would have touched the heart of the coldest woman; Josiah, although actuated by quite as fine feelings, could only produce laughter in the woman the smallest dole of whose love he was longing to possess.

Josiah and Nathaniel had some conversation that evening respecting Dorothy. All Josiah could say was, that Dorothy had said she liked him.

"Well, I think that is as much as thou canst expect at once," replied Nathaniel, encouragingly. "Women are always rather shy about their feelings, but thou must come again, and then we shall doubtless be able to settle everything. Take heart, Josiah; Dorothy is her father's child, and where she says she likes, doubtless she means to love."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### LIKING AND LOVING.

THE next morning Josiah left King's-head. Patience and Dorothy stood with him in the garden waiting for Nathaniel, who was to accompany him as far as Plymouth.

"Now thou hast found thy way here," said Patience, "thou must come again; we shall always be glad to see thee."

Josiah gave her a grateful look for this welcome invitation.

"I shall only be too ready to come," he replied. "I am so sorry to leave. I never enjoyed a week so much in all my life — thou hast been so good to me."

And then he turned to Dorothy; but though he wished to tell her how sorry he was to leave her, and how he should long to see her again, he found it was impossible. Every time he tried to speak, his heart seemed to leap into his throat and choke the words. No such inconvenience, however, oppressed Dorothy, who looked smilingly into his face as she said, —

"Oh, yes; thou must come in the summer, and then we can go to the Mew Stone and to Cothele."

But Josiah was not heeding a word she said. He was entirely occupied with wondering whether he might give her a kiss when he said farewell. She was in a way engaged to him, at least he had her father's consent, and she had promised to try and care for him, and he thought he would; but at that moment Nathaniel appeared, calling out to him, —

"Come, Josiah, we've no time to spare; say farewell and jump in."

He thought he had better not venture anything of the sort; so he shook hands with Patience, turned again to Dorothy, changed his mind, and made such a sudden dash towards her that she only seemed to get a knock on her nose. Before she recovered from her surprise, Josiah was seated in the carriage, too excited, and his face too red, to see Dorothy's look of bewildered astonishment. But as they drove off, the true purport of this sudden movement dawned upon her, and, unchecked by her mother's reproving look, she burst into a fit of laughter.

Patience was very anxious to have a serious conversation with her daughter on the subject of this proposed engagement with Josiah. She liked him, and believed he had a great deal of goodness in his nature; but she saw that he was no more fitted for a husband for Dorothy than Mark or Samuel their shopmen. Dorothy, in spite of the quiet sober way in which she had been brought up, possessed a vivid imagination, a quick sense of the ridiculous, and such warm feelings as were certain to influence her life and mould her character. There was much about her that Josiah, in spite of all the love he might feel for her, would never understand. As a child, obstinacy had been her greatest fault. This defect time and training had turned into firmness. Seldom shown, because few opportunities presented themselves for its display, but lying dormant in the young girl's heart, was a will indomitable as her father's, a tenacity of purpose which, after she had once taken a resolution, would overcome most obstacles.

Patience had thoroughly studied her daughter's character, and felt convinced that to allow such a nature to ignorantly take any irretrievable step in life would be a failure in parental duty. She therefore determined that after speaking to Dorothy she would tell her husband of the thoughts which troubled her, and beg him to let their child go on a visit to her sister, and thus see a little more of society than their limited circle afforded.

The morning passed without Dorothy

making any comment on Josiah or his visit. After luncheon, the mother and daughter sat down together with their work, each one silent and apparently occupied with her own thoughts; at last Dorothy said, —

"Mother, wert thou ever in love?"

"Yes," answered Patience.

"Then tell me what it is like."

Before Patience attempted to answer Dorothy's question, she sat for some minutes communing with herself.

"Dorothy," she said at length, "thou hast asked a very puzzling question, and one that I shall find it difficult to answer to my own satisfaction, for love takes such various shapes in various natures, that by our own heart we can never truly judge the hearts of others. But first thou must be open with me, and tell me what makes thee ask this question."

Dorothy's colour came, as with a slight hesitation she answered, —

"I think — that is, I know — that father and thou have always wished me to like Josiah Crewdson; and now that I have seen him, and know him better, I do like him, and think him very kind and worthy, but — surely, mother, something more than liking is needed to make people happy?"

"Indeed, yes, my child, and that is what I wish to explain to thee. Love is apart from all this; it is the charm which makes us tender to failings, not blind to them. Every merit we see in those we love we rejoice over. Love is something so powerful, deep, and binding, that, though it is impossible to define it, it is known to be love the moment it is felt."

"But does all this come at once, mother?"

"No; I think in most cases it does not, but I am speaking of what in some degree thou should experience before thy consent is given to be the wife of any man. Doubtless, love often grows, but I think when I was thy age I could have felt tolerably certain who might excite such feelings within me, and who never would."

Dorothy's face crimsoned. The thought flashed across her, supposing Charles Verschoyle had been Josiah Crewdson, would she have needed to ask these questions? Not that Dorothy was one atom in love with the stranger who had come among them so unexpectedly, and whom she most probably would never see again, but he satisfied her imagination, and Josiah did not.

"Mother," she said abruptly, "dost thou think I shall ever love Josiah Crewdson?"

"That is hardly a fair question," answered Patience, not wishing to give a straightforward No, which would have been her real

opinion. "I see nothing about Josiah to prevent a woman caring for him; he is very good-tempered and estimable, and his little awkwardnesses result only from shyness,—he would very soon overcome them."

"But I do wish he was not so fat, and short, and funny-looking."

"We must not fall into the habit of being caught by externals," said Patience. "It is only natural, dear, that thou should admire good looks; but thou wilt never care less, I trust, for people who have not that gift. I have been wanting to speak to thee before I asked thy father's permission for thee to go on a visit to Grace. I think after thou hast mixed a little more in the world thou wilt know thyself better."

Dorothy was delighted at the idea; her only fear was that her father might not consent to her going to a sister whose views were opposed to many of their own. But Patience undertook to speak to him first, and to tell him her wishes, and the reasons she had for believing that they would be acting consistently in allowing Dorothy to accept Grace's invitation.

That night, after reading was over, and when the husband and wife were left alone, Patience commenced her task, which at the outset Nathaniel listened to very impatiently. Josiah, he said, was a very worthy young man; and if he did not speak every time he got an opportunity, he never spoke when he might better have held his tongue. For his part he did not see what more they could want for their daughter than an excellent husband, with a good fortune and a flourishing business.

"But," said Patience, "that is all very well if she cared for the man."

"Now, that is one of thy woman's fancies and arguments, Patience," replied Nathaniel. "Leave her alone and she will care for the man. What other man can she care for? Who does she see unless it is Andrew Dymond or Jabez Smith? and compared with them Josiah has the grace of a posture-master. When they are once married they will get on well; as I have often told thee, love will come. Still, I have no wish to force the child into a marriage which is distasteful to her; though, should she decide against becoming the wife of Josiah Crewdson, she would crush one of the wishes nearest my heart."

"But thou would sacrifice thy wish, dear, if its accomplishment failed to give Dorothy happiness?"

Nathaniel gave a vexed movement, which Patience noticed, and drawing her chair nearer to her husband, she laid her hand on

his, saying, "Wilt thou listen to me for a few minutes?"

Nathaniel nodded assent.

"Well then, first, be assured that I like Josiah, and that I should be perfectly contented to see Dorothy his wife, but I do not consider he is calculated to make her happy; and she has had so little opportunity of comparing him with others, that we are not acting up to our duty if we allow her to make a blind choice. There might come a time when her heart would reproach us. Though Grace has many views that we condemn, yet we know that Dorothy may be safely trusted to her care, without any of her principles being tampered with. Then why not let her go on a visit to Grace, with a permission to mix in their home circle, and in any amusement which she feels we should not forbid?"

"And when she returns home, how then?" asked Nathaniel. "Will she not be discontented?"

"No, I can answer for that; and if then she makes no objection to Josiah, be assured, Nathaniel, I shall raise none."

"I do not see the necessity," said Nathaniel; "nevertheless, I will think the matter over, and by to-morrow, perhaps, give thee my decision."

The next morning he asked Dorothy to walk round the garden with him, and after a time he said,—

"Well, Dorothy, and what dost thou think of Josiah Crewdson?"

"I like him; he is exceedingly good, well-meaning, and worthy."

"Very excellent qualities in a husband, Dorothy."

"Yes, father—but," she added as the colour mounted to her cheeks, "I should want to know him much better before that."

"Certainly, child; certainly. Still thou hast no positive distaste to him?"

"No, on the contrary, I think very highly of him."

"Yet thy mother tells me thou hast a wish to spend some time with Grace?"

"Yes," replied Dorothy; "but I do not know that that has much to do with Josiah, for I wished it quite as much before I saw him."

"Then thou hast my permission to go," said Nathaniel, greatly relieved by this last remark of his daughter. "I know I can trust thee to uphold thy principles in all thy actions, not entering into anything which thy conscience does not approve as consistent. From Fryston thou must go on to see Aunt Abigail, and while thou art so near, what dost thou say to accepting this invitation from the Crewdsons?"

"If it will not be staying away too long from thee and mother, I should like it," said Dorothy, her face beaming with pleasurable anticipation.

"No," replied her father; "we must learn little by little to try and do without thee; no easy task when the time comes," he added, patting her head lovingly.

The tears sprang to the girl's eyes as she exclaimed—

"Oh, father, I never want to leave thee! I do not care to go now. Let me stay at home."

"No, my child. I am very glad, as things seem to be turning out, that thou art going. I shall write to Grace, and tell her thy mother will take thee; and, as I have some business in London the week after next, I will go and bring her home."

During the next few days nothing was thought of but the preparations necessary for their journey. At last the morning for starting arrived, and Nathaniel accompanied them to the station. Grace was to meet them at Paddington, so that they should not have any trouble; for to Patience a journey alone was an undertaking.

As they stood waiting for the train to come up, Nathaniel could not help noticing the attention which Dorothy attracted. She was looking all the more beautiful from the excitement, which made her eyes sparkle and her colour brighten more than usual. Her fair youthfulness seemed to strike Nathaniel afresh, and he anxiously thought to himself whether he was right in letting her go from him. What if she should attract the attention of some vicious worldling, whose fair words and specious reasoning might entangle her young fancy! And this fear made him walk to the old house opposite the Guildhall with a more measured step and graver face than usual; and during the whole of the day he continually said to himself, "I fear I have not acted wisely in letting her go."

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### AT DYNE COURT.

"DYNE," says an old chronicler, "was the king's demesne at the Conquest, the chief house whereof adjoined the abbey (now demolished), and in times past hath been notable for that Hieretha, canonized a saint, was here born; esteemed to be of such sanctity, that you may read of many miracles ascribed to her holiness, in his book who penned her life. This dwelling-place of Dyne Court and lands, which the family of Montague enjoyed, from the time of King Henry I. even unto King Henry

VII.'s days, came unto the Chichesters by the marriage of Margaret, sole daughter of the house, with Geoffrey Chichester, who took the name of Dyne-court, by which honourable name this family hath ever since been known."

Known at the Court of the virgin queen as grave and reliable advisers; known to have laid down life and lands for the martyr Charles; known at his son's gay revels as roistering gallants; known as the friends of each wanderer of the house of Stuart; known as men who were eyed with suspicion by the house of Hanover, until, their fortune gone, and their lands mortgaged, they died out of royal memories,—the last three generations of Dynecourts had been known only to those who dwelt near as men who had nothing to bequeath but their ancient name and ruined house. These had descended some few years before to one who, in his turn, was known to the neighbourhood as that Dynecourt who, sick of trying to stave off the evil day, had summoned up courage enough to look into his condition, and had sold the old place which he could not keep from falling into ruin. He had paid off the debts still clinging round it, and had acknowledged himself all but beggared, and forced to earn his own living.

So the descendant of all the Dynecourts—the friends of kings and boon companions of princes, successful lovers of court beauties, and husbands of titled dames—now toiled in the law courts as a barrister; while Mr. Richard Ford, whose father had been a porter, and he himself an errand-boy, was the owner of the fair lands of Dyne Court. When Richard Ford was yet a boy in a fustian suit, with a heavy basket on his arm, he never passed Temple Bar, or the Tower, or any old building, without being compelled to stop and gaze upon it. Though he knew not why, his gazing brought him pleasure; and as he advanced in age and social position, he became a humble collector of curiosities, and when he grew rich he found he possessed an antiquarian taste. His search for a seat had therefore been guided by this dilettanteism: the house must have a history, its surroundings must have an interest. Directly Dyne Court was in the market he went down to it. He longed to call the place his own from the moment he saw the quaint village with the old-fashioned inn—"The Swan with Three Necks," stretching its sign across the street. His desire was only increased by the sight of "the fair church and its stately tower," by the rough stone bridge, before the building of which "the breadth and roughness of the river was such as it put many lives in jeopardy,

until the pious Dynecourt — Falk Dynecourt — was admonished by a vision to set on the foundation of a bridge near a rock which he should find rolled from the higher grounds upon the strand, and in the morning he found a rock there fixed, which incited him to set forwards so charitable a work and build the bridge now to be seen." And when, after crossing the bridge, Mr. Ford stood in front of the large iron gates, and saw, half-way up the avenue, the Gothic arch (trace of the abbey which once stood on that spot), he firmly determined that if money could do it, he would be master of Dyne Court.

And now he was master of it. Ever since that time, Dyne had been noisy with labourers and tradesmen, putting the whole place in thorough repair, but without altering its exterior. Mr. Ford himself vigilantly watched over the work. The interior arrangements of furnishing and decorating he committed to the hands of "a great London authority;" and at the present time all who had seen it declared everything to be perfect. It took one a long time to get conversant with all the traditions and histories of "the Court lands;" and when Mr. Ford, with natural pride of heart, showed any guests over them, he played a very secondary part to Roger Cross, who regarded his office of head gardener as one of hereditary distinction, it having been (as he informed them) in his family for two hundred years. Roger did not attempt to conceal his feelings at the bitter change which had overtaken the fortunes of his old masters; and after pointing out the spot where the duel took place, in which Charteray Dynecourt fell by his friend the Earl of Hereford's hand, or the gate which had never been opened since Maud Dynecourt shamed the family by taking flight through it with one of "Oliver's Lords," forsaking her denounced Cavalier lover, he would shrug his shoulders and shake his head, saying—

"But times is changed with us since then, ladies and gentlemen."

Then there was the Well, where all true lovers went to swear their constancy and pledge each other in the water, which secured them the good-will of St. Hieretha. There was many an avenue, too, where belles in sacques and hoops and farthingales — whose names are still famous — walked and coquetted with beaux in ruffles, powdered wigs, and rapiers, who lived and died for the upholding of their country and its laws.

Mr. Richard Ford took great pains to keep everything in the best possible order; and so tender was he over these footprints

of days gone by, that it grieved him to see even the branch of an old tree removed, or a dead shrub replaced; and although his steps, as he slowly trod the Dyne Court avenues, did not fall where his ancestors had trodden before him, he revered the associations of the past age, and regarded much of his newly-bought property as hallowed ground.

When, therefore, the neighbouring families, in accordance with the expressed wish of Mr. Dynecourt, called on the new comer, they decided that, as he could never be a Dynecourt, they were very glad to see him what he was — simple, unpretentious, valuing things which even all his money could not buy for him, and naturally possessed of tastes and feelings which, though he was guilty of an occasional solecism, or a faulty *H*, prevented him from being called vulgar. His great wealth had introduced him to many fashionable circles, and in them he was the more welcome, because it was understood that he was looking out for some fair maiden whom he might make mistress of his newly-gained possessions. Many a girl, much younger and with far less excuse than Audrey Verschoyle, smiled upon him, and greeted him with sweet words, while he talked to them after a very staid fatherly fashion, and was so very little affected, apparently, by their solicitude, that it was not to be wondered at that Lady Laura should regard with triumph the marked attention which, from their first introduction, he had bestowed upon her daughter.

The handsome carriage was sent to the station for the Verschoyles, and they drove up the avenue to find the master standing at the entrance of the house. He gave Audrey a most cordial welcome, and the mother's heart swelled with pride as she thought how well her child would fill the position to which she saw that she was destined.

From the moment they entered the house, Mr. Ford, by his manner, showed that Audrey was the guest he most delighted to honour. When he displayed the beauties of the house, he made her his especial charge, seeming well satisfied when she expressed pleasure; and he made a note of any alterations she suggested.

The party staying in the house was small, and consisted of a Mr. and Mrs. Jekyl Finch, together with their daughter, and a cousin to whom she was engaged; General Trefusis, an old Indian officer, and his sister; and Mrs. Winterton and her niece, Miss Selina Bingham. They had all met before, and the sayings and doings of their mutual acquaintances possessed for each a



special interest. The arrival of the Verschoyles was hailed with general satisfaction; Lady Laura was always so agreeable, Miss Verschoyle so clever, and the son was quite a hero, and so good-looking. Mr. Ford expressed himself delighted to see Captain Verschoyle, and added, "We must invite some nice young lady to look after him." Quick-sighted Lady Laura decided at once that this remark was intended to convey that Miss Bingham was reserved for somebody else. But who could it be? Perhaps the old man himself might be coveting her money — those rich people were sometimes so grasping. So she at once answered,—

"My dear Mr. Ford, you are too thoughtful; but my son's health being still very delicate, I fear he has the bad taste to prefer the attentions of his mother to those of the most charming young lady in England where any reciprocity of interest would be expected. No, no, you must leave my son to me."

Lady Laura took great pains to repeat this offer of Mr. Ford's to the guests individually, varying the remarks according to the condition of the hearer. She told Miss Bingham that her son never paid any girl the slightest attention beyond common politeness.

"He declares he shall never fall in love with any one; but you know, my dear, he's been spoilt — that's the truth of the matter. Men never care for women who wear their hearts upon their sleeve."

Whereupon Captain Verschoyle's naturally winning manner was regarded by the heiress as a personal compliment, and every courtesy he showed her seemed of double value when it came from a man unaccustomed to be generally gracious. The days passed very idly and pleasantly. They chatted and gossiped together, they lingered over breakfasts and luncheons, they strolled in couples over the grounds, Audrey being always the companion of their host, who took sedate pleasure in showing his knowledge of Roman antiquities, and the history of abbeys and monasteries. She, in her turn, listened complacently, and would intersperse his rather heavy facts with old traditions, legends, and anecdotes of the places with which these archaic memories were connected. These talks were not altogether uncongenial, and Audrey remembered she had often felt far more bored by the conversation of other eligible but younger "parties" than she did after an hour's *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Richard Ford. Though she had not been at Dyne Court a week, the servants looked upon her as their

probable future mistress, and most eyes followed, with curious gaze, the couple as they walked together — Audrey's tall, beautiful figure gaining height from her sweeping dress, and her dark hair arranged so as to display to the best advantage her well-formed head, which she had to bend when she addressed her companion.

At the close of one of these long summer days, Audrey had been singing for the old man. She had never reckoned singing amongst her accomplishments; and if asked to sing would say that she could not. But Mr. Ford thought it the sweetest voice he had ever heard, and was wonderfully stirred by the few well-chosen words (for she always looked to the words more than the music) rather spoken than sung. They were sitting in the gloaming, apart from the rest of the party, who were amusing themselves independently of the singer. Miss Verschoyle did not seek to disguise that she was solely intent on giving pleasure to the master of the house. Mr. Ford had asked her for old-fashioned songs, and she had given him several; her companion hardly thanking her in words, yet quietly showing her how he enjoyed the treat. At length, without a thought, she commenced to sing "Auld Robin Gray."

"Such a mistake!" Lady Laura afterwards observed; but at the time she only said immediately it was concluded, "My dear Audrey, pray do not sing any more of those doleful ditties." But Audrey did not reply. She rose and shut the piano softly, while Mr. Ford said, huskily, "Thank you, my dear, it is twenty years since last I heard that song." Then she said to him, "Will you walk round the terrace with me? I want to see who the man was standing outside the window listening to me."

They walked round, but could see no one.

"It was your fancy, I think," said Mr. Ford.

"No, it was not," replied Audrey.

"Then, perhaps, it was one of the servants."

Audrey did not feel inclined to say that she knew it was not a servant, for it little mattered. So they spoke of other things, and joined General Trefusis, Miss Bingham, and Captain Verschoyle in a short stroll. As they were entering the house again a servant came up and said, "Mr. Dynecourt has arrived, sir."

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Ford. "Will you excuse me, Miss Verschoyle?" and he hurried away.

Captain Verschoyle followed his sister into her room that evening, with the evident



intention, as she said, of having a gossip. So she might just as well resign herself and dismiss Marshall at the onset, "to 'improve the shining hours,' meaning the moonlight, with the chief butler, or baker, or whoever reigns at present in your fickle bosom."

"The butler, Miss Audrey! Well, I never; what will you make me out next? Why, he's nearly seventy!"

"And a very suitable age for you," replied her mistress, laughing.

"No such thing, Marshall," exclaimed Captain Verschoyle; "you are a great deal too good-looking to become a nurse yet; besides, what would that Devonshire land-lady's sailor son say?"

"Thank you, sir," said Marshall; "you know everybody doesn't care about setting the Prayer-book commandment — that you mustn't marry your grandfather — at defiance," and Marshall demurely bade them "Good night."

"That was a sly hit at you, Audrey."

"Yes, I suppose so; Marshall has given me several hints as to the interest shown in the servants' hall regarding their master's wooing. By the way, what do you think of your brother-in-law elect?"

"Brother-in-law elect!" echoed Captain Verschoyle; "why, you have not accepted him, have you?"

"No; because he has not yet done me the honour to offer me his hand, and — shall we say? — heart; but, when that glory is laid at my feet, I intend to invest myself as quickly as possible with all the insignia of office which may belong to the dignity of Mrs. Richard Ford."

"Be serious, Audrey. Do you think the man means to ask you to be his wife?"

"No; but the master of Dyne Court intends asking me to be the mistress, and I intend accepting. Don't look so grave, Charley; I have tried for matrimonial prizes far more distasteful than this man is to me, notwithstanding that he will call me "Ordrey" and sometimes hope I am 'appy.'"

"But surely you *must* shrink from marrying him. Mark you, I am not speaking against the man, for I feel sure he is good at heart, and there is much to admire in the good sense which makes him above being ashamed that he has risen in life. But, Audrey, his age, his appearance, — oh! it seems such a dreadful sacrifice, — and for what?"

"For what," she answered; "for all I hold dear. I dream of the entertainments I shall give, the people I shall gather round me here, the dress, the jewels, the carriages, the thousand and one delicious ex-

travagances I may commit when I have money at my command. We don't look at the value of the coin, we esteem it for what it will bring us. So with Mr. Ford, if I regarded him standing on his own personal merits, I should shudder to be obliged to spend my life with an elderly man who has long passed all his romance, and in the days when he did possess it, would have perhaps bestowed it upon a — cook or serving-maid. No, no, Mr. Richard Ford individually is ignored and is only regarded by me as the medium by which I shall attain all I have ever desired and longed for."

"But, Audrey, don't tell me that your heart has never pictured any other life than one of endless frivolity and company?"

"Marry for love!" she said, scornfully; "love is very well in a novel on a rainy day, but how does it stand in reality?"

"Audrey," said Captain Verschoyle, "give up all idea of this marriage; you may yet meet with some one to inspire a different feeling."

"Never now: my heart is shoked up with other gods; love could not take root in such a stony soil; the first little storm would tear it up to wither and die. Moreover, I must say this is rather cool of you to take me to task for my admiration of Mammon, when you are at this very moment paying homage at the same shrine. Now then, it is my turn to cross-question. Do you *really* intend proposing to Miss Bingham?"

"That is a question I have asked myself several times, and hitherto I have been unable to give any answer. She is a very nice girl, and I might become very fond of her, but I should never be in love with her."

"I think she would not say No to being Mrs. Verschoyle," said Audrey.

"I am not at all sure of that," replied her brother, "but this I am sure of, that she will not break her heart if she is not asked, for all her timid yea-nayishness, she has a very decided preference for herself, and whoever she marries will never be anything but prince consort in her heart. Yet a man might do worse, and there is no reason why he should not love her for herself, for she is rather pretty and tolerably accomplished."

"Yes," interrupted Audrey, "that is her fault; you feel that you must always qualify everything you say of her, and consequently she has no positive character."

"Very unlike my sister there," laughed Captain Verschoyle.

"Oh! I know I like to have my own way, and I daresay if I had fallen in love it would have been with some weak amiable

creature, who deferred to me in all things, and was entirely guided by my opinion. And yet I detest men of that kind."

"Ah!" said her brother, "my ideal is a woman who has an opinion, and yet is ready to follow out that of the man she loves: a woman like our sweet Quaker friend, who freely gave her ideas, and then quietly added 'But my husband's wish is different;' and love had made that law so strong that it never entered her mind to resist it. Do you know, I often think of her."

"So do I," said Audrey. "That afternoon seemed to open up a fresh vista of life to me; the spirit of peace took possession of me then. I shall never forget the scene—the mother and daughter—I can recall the very sound of their voices. But there goes twelve o'clock; my dear Charley, be off, or I shall look like a wraith to-morrow."

Captain Verschoyle rose to bid her good night, saying—

"You will think over what we have been talking about? Don't marry this man if you feel that you may some day repent it. Money cannot bring everything, Audrey."

She laughingly shook her head in dissent, and without replying to his question, said,—

"Oh! by the way, did you hear who Mr. Dynecourt is?"

"No," answered her brother. "What about him?"

"I know nothing about him, only a servant told Mr. Ford that Mr. Dynecourt had arrived, and he hurried off to see him, and I left the drawing-room before he returned."

"Dynecourt?" said Captain Verschoyle; "that must be one of the family to whom the place belonged."

"Perhaps so; I never heard anything but that it had belonged to a very old family who had lost their money. Mr. Ford was once about to give me their history, but something prevented him. Now if he should prove young, and good-looking, and a rival to Captain Verschoyle? But don't despair; should the worst come, call me to the rescue, and I'll measure swords with the interloper, and as it would be perhaps my

last passage of arms, it should be successful, and insure victory."

"Ah, well," said her brother, "as I do not yet know whether I wish to be the victor I shall not engage your services. Good night. Think over what we have been talking about."

"Yes, I promise."

And she kept her promise. She said to herself that she would look at it on every side, and on every side the advantage of marrying Mr. Ford showed itself. She felt certain that, with the help of some of her relations, who held a good place in the fashionable world, she could introduce her husband into it, and once there she knew she should need no help to keep her place. No one understood expending a large income better than Audrey; and her reflections were often forgotten in the pictures her fancy presented, of some wonderful *fête* or entertainment, where she would display her taste, and make herself the envy of people who had often offended her by their indifference or their patronage. Yes, she would accept Mr. Ford gladly; she felt almost certain he would propose to her, though not quite so soon as Charley imagined. "I daresay he will defer it until almost the last day, which would be just what I should like; and then I shall settle the matter, go to town, and prepare my *trousseau*, and we need not meet again until a day or two before the —," here she sat down pausing before the word — "wedding." Her hands lay idly in her lap, her wide-open eyes had that look which tells of blindness to external objects; a slight trembling of the mouth now and then showed that she was thinking deeply, seriously. The clock striking one broke in on her reverie, and she gave a short, quick sigh as the words seemed to rise to her lips, her tongue almost giving sound to the thought — "Whatever comes, I trust I shall never forget that my duty is to be very kind to the old man."

And Audrey was soon in dreamland; and entertainments, and balls, and weddings, and funerals, all mixed themselves together in her mind, until Marshall's voice awoke her, telling her that it was past eight o'clock, and that there was a fresh visitor to dress for that morning.

**NEW MODE OF PURIFYING SUGAR.** — Monosulphite of lime is now being employed in the manufacture of sugar. The salt, which is nearly insoluble in water, is added to the crude cane-juice, and the effect is said to be that the nitro-

genous matters become insoluble and can be removed in the scum. It is possible that this reagent may be found useful in the purification of other organic compounds.

From The Spectator.  
LONGEVITY.

THE only conclusion we can form from Mr. Ray Lankester's clever essay on Longevity, to which the University of Oxford last year awarded a prize, is that we know very little about the matter. Even the data are very imperfect, and Mr. Lankester's own theory, though ingeniously worked out, fails to satisfy us, and, as we suspect, to satisfy him, for after stating his hypothesis, he makes an admission which covers a field as large as the hypothesis itself. His main notion appears to be that the factors of longevity are "high evolution, that is, complex structure and large bulk,"—which together involve the slow attainment of maturity, and create what may be called the capital of life,—and small expenditure of that capital, whether in the pursuit of subsistence or the multiplication of the species. But he admits that there must be something more, and, with Mr. Herbert Spencer, looks for it in "the quantitative limitation of the germinal matter itself, varying in species. If it were not so, how can we account for the fact that a cow and a sheep, which start from ova so identical in form and size, composed probably of equal amounts of germinal matter or protoplasm, subject as they develop to the same external influences, living perhaps side by side in the same field, yet differ in their inherited term of life, which appears to be, as nearly as can be guessed, about twenty years for the larger, and twelve for the smaller ruminant?" Is not this equivalent to saying that some unknown quantity most easily described as vitality is the second determining cause of longevity, thus completely unsettling the discussion, for nobody knows, or as yet can know, what the second cause is, or how great its influence may be? It is certainly very great indeed, for although the whale fulfils the conditions of high evolution and low expenditure, and lives, it is believed, for 300 years, and the elephant is of slow growth, vast size, and slow expenditure, and lives for a century or more, there are some very remarkable instances in which the theory will not fit. A man, for instance, is certainly a bigger animal than a parrot, and more complex in structure, yet he does not live proportionably longer. It is true that man has a mind, and a parrot has comparatively none, for men habitually exaggerate the intelligence of birds, probably because they almost alone among living things can do something which man wants to do but cannot,—fly through the air. We defer to better naturalists, but the raven is the only bird which ever appeared to us to

have a true mind, a power of doing more than merely observe, and, at all events, parrots, of all medium-sized birds, have very little intellectual power. It is also true that the parrot, as Mr. Lankester says, has only been observed when domesticated, that is, when his expenditure of his vital capital has been artificially limited by man, when his food is provided, his exertions restrained, and all external dangers carefully removed. It is also true, at least as far as our observation extends, that parrots are very free from "nervous" disturbance, that they are extremely bold, nearly as brave as ravens, and though often vicious in temper, are very seldom irritable. But still, the parrot lives about fifty times as long as he ought to do, and no possible care of a human being, however stupid, or however placid, would enable him to keep alive for 3,500 years. It would be a great convenience if we could so keep somebody alive, for we might make him chief historian, and keep the records of the world substantially unbroken; but we can't and the point is, why? We do not see that Mr. Lankester contributes anything to the solution of that old doubt, for his sentence about "quantitative germinal matter depending on species" only resolves itself into the well-known fact that a parrot is a tough little creature with a tendency to live long, and gives no answer to the question why it has that tendency. Still less does his theory explain why of two families living in the same village and about the same position in life, one should display an hereditary tendency towards life, and another towards death, why popular opinion should select one for insertion in life leases, and reject the other. It may be said that the short-lived family is the prey of some transmissible but undetected disease, and that explanation is so far satisfactory; but then the point to be ascertained is not that, but the undetected yet transmissible strength which keeps the rival family alive, the cause of the vitality they certainly enjoy. Mere freedom from disease will not explain it, for it will not solve the question why a parrot, or a raven, or a goose should live so much longer than a hen or a horse. Nor will the comparative "intensity of life" help us much, though Mr. Lankester makes a good deal of it, attributing to it the short lives of Americans, which are probably due to the fact that the races inhabiting the Union have not yet become fully acclimatized on the New Continent. Western life is far more intense than Eastern, and the Western nations live longest, while man, whose life is of all animals the most intense, entirely surpasses

the bull, whose life is perhaps least so, in his length of days. Is the cause a lower nervous organization? Well, negroes, though they romance, as Mr. Lankester says, about their ages, certainly do live long; but on the other hand, the men of Western Europe, whose nervous organization has been so intensified by civilization, are, on the whole, of all races the longest lived. It is within the observation of the writer that three families, numbering more than a hundred persons, and of exceptionally nervous and irritable organizations, are also exceptionally long-lived, so exceptionally as to suggest what must be false, that the condition commonly known as nervousness results from an overplus of vital energy. Has mind anything to do with the question? Mr. Lankester quotes Dr. Guy's statistics as tending to prove that the more distinguished members of professions are shorter-lived than the less distinguished; but it can hardly be that an overplus of mental energy tends to diminish longevity. Look at Lord Brougham and the life he led, and the biographies of a host of lawyers who have crowded three lives into one, and yet died octogenarians. Look, moreover, at the far broader fact that on the whole the lives of civilized men, and specially of the *élite* of civilized men, those who insure, are longer than those of the semi-civilized or savage. Mind would appear in their case to develop rather than restrict vitality. Has luxury any influence? Apparently not, for though we object entirely to any deductions on the point drawn from the biographies of European kings, — the Royal caste constituting at most two families, Catholic and Protestant, — yet English Peers live long, and are among men perhaps the most luxurious, though their luxury is not of the effeminate kind. Is hard toil an element in the matter? Certainly, as regards animals, horses being distinctly shorter lived when in work than when allowed their liberty; but among men, agricultural labourers, seamen, and negro slaves live quite as long as other men, and we cannot admit with Mr. Lankester that the regularity of any form of toil diminishes the drain which it makes upon vital energy. Bulk, as between our two rival families, has certainly nothing to do with the matter, nor slowness of development, for they may be equal in those respects; and we are driven back once more upon inherited vitality, which is subject no doubt to some law, but to one which neither Mr. Lankester nor any one else has yet discovered. It would seem to be inextricably involved in the far greater problem, the cause of life itself, the question, perhaps,

of all others of which human beings know least.

Mr. Lankester, we see, disbelieves in the popular notion that the longevity of the human race has of late years perceptibly increased. The truth seems to be that the appliances of civilization, though they keep the weak alive, do not arrest in any material degree the decay which comes on all animals after their full maturity, a decay as little explained or explicable as life itself. What is it that after fifty begins to wear out, while up to fifty it had been either impervious to the influence of time or had been constantly renewed? We do not know, and till we know, physicists will do better to accumulate facts than to attempt to weave the very few we know into a consistent hypothesis.

From The Spectator.

HANS BREITMANN AND HOSEA BIGLOW.

THE new poems of Hans Breitmann,\* which in humour are quite up to the standard of those which we have from time to time reviewed, naturally suggest a comparison with those of Hosea Biglow, the other great American humourist's fictitious hero; in other words, it is almost impossible not to compare the humour of Mr. Leland with the humour of Mr. Lowell, — so many points have they of likeness, so many of difference. Mr. Leland's principal hero is a grasping, drinking, plundering, fighting, sentimental, German in the Northern Army. Mr. Lowell's, indeed, is an honest Northern farmer, but then he has a subordinate hero, Birdofredum Sawin, almost as important, who is a grasping, drinking, plundering, but not fighting, and still less sentimental Yankee of the 'cutest and Copperiest kind in the South. Each of these, — Hans Breitmann and Birdofredum Sawin, — in effect reflects a certain amount of discredit on the cause he took up; in each the humour consists in a very large degree in the happy choice of dialect, and the familiarities of speech and thought and illustration which are at the writer's finger-ends; and in each again, humorous exaggeration and caricature play a most important part. Yet nothing can well be more different in general effect than the humour of the Biglow papers and of Hans Breitmann's ballads. Mr. Lowell's is in the strictest sense original — you can liken it to nothing else on

\* *Hans Breitmann in Church, with other Ballads.* By Charles G. Leland. London: Trubner.

earth. Mr. Leland's, though perfectly original in conception, indeed, of his own sole invention, is yet in genius more or less borrowed from Heinrich Heine's wonderful mockeries. Again, Mr. Lowell's humour is all based on the deepest faith. In the grotesque of his religious familiarities, you always see that it is not disbelief, but profound belief which makes him handle his subject so familiarly, — like the belief which Father Newman says permits the Roman Catholics almost to joke about his saints and the Madonna. Mr. Leland's sarcasms are essentially of the mocking-kind. He mocks at sentiment till he makes us feel as Heine makes us feel, as if all the emotions of human nature were weaknesses based upon superstition. He laughs at intellectual truth, at moral truth, at spiritual truth. German transcendentalism is one of his favourite themes of mockery; German fidelity another; German faith a third. As you laugh over Hans Breitmann, — and no one with any sense of humour can help laughing over him, — you frequently feel that you are laughing, like Heine, at all that is worth living for, mocking at yourself for your best thoughts, even more than for your worst. We could hardly assert, perhaps, that the humour of the Breitmann ballads is as great as that of the Biglow papers, for the Biglow papers are almost unapproachable in the overflow and richness of their humour. But undoubtedly, the Breitmann ballads come very near them in mere literary merit, while in all other respects they fall far short of the earlier work. They show none of the deep practical sagacity of the Biglow papers; none of their profound earnestness, none of their poetical tenderness. At the same time, they have perhaps even more buoyancy, more animal spirits, and more of universal application, being in reality satires on certain universal elements in human nature, while the Biglow papers are satires on the selfishness of a particular school of American politicians at a particular epoch.

But to come to a more detailed comparison. Both Mr. Lowell and Mr. Leland (like Artemus Ward, and we imagine all other American humourists), we have said, have shown the most delicate feeling for the humour of *dialect*, — the new-made provincial idiom in which you see language in the act of being moulded fresh to the hand of a 'cute and careless generation. How free a use Mr. Lowell's heroes make, for instance, of the foreign words in the English language, and how happily they fit the 'cute Yankees who have recast them to their own purpose! Take this: —

LIVING AGE. VOL. XVII. 745

"But Jeff he hit upon a way o' helping on us  
forward,  
By bein' unanmerous — a trick you ain't  
quite up to Norrard.  
A baldin hain't no more 'f a chance with  
these new apple corers  
Than folks's opperation views against the  
Ringtail Roarers;  
They'll take 'em out on him 'bout East, —  
one canter on a rail  
Makes a man feel unanmerous ez Jonah in  
the whale."

Or this: —

"I've noticed thet each half-baked scheme's  
abettors  
Are in the habbit o' produc' letters,  
Writ by all sorts o' never-heerd on sellers  
'Bout es origenal es the wind in bellers;  
I've noticed tu, it's the quack med'cines git,  
(An' needs) the grettest heap o' stiffykits."

The effect of all this Yankee dialect is to express in the most marvellous way, — a way that no provincial English dialect (Yorkshire, or Lincolnshire, or Dorsetshire, or what you please to take) in the least gives, — the sense of familiarity, of the full right to take liberties, with language which the Yankee feels. He is quite familiar with the words he uses, is not out of his depth in the least in using them; "unanimous" and "certificates," and all such words, are just as familiar to him as any others, but he chooses to make them suit his mouth instead of suiting his mouth to them, and hence the easy, slovenly, undress fashion in which they come out; hence, too, the multitude of artificial nick-names, — like "Ringtail Roarers" in the above extract, — like the multitude of political nick-names, such as "Silver Grey Filmore Whigs," — and so forth, — and hence, too, the cool adaptation of old Roman and Greek names, Troy, and Corinth, and Athens, to the oddest little villages. In Mr. Lowell's dialect you see the Yankee coolly kneading the language to suit the most temporary exigencies of his mouth. With Hans Breitmann the *reason* for the choice of dialect, like the dialect itself, is quite different. That chosen is the Pennsylvanian-German, skilfully moulded into guttural greediness and shibboleths of sentiment. Take this, for instance: —

"O vere mine lofe a sugar-powl,  
De fery shmallst loomp  
Vould shveet de seas from pole to pole  
Und make de shildren shoomp;"

or this, —

"So livin' white, so carnadine  
Mine lofe's complexion show,"



where the guttural in "gompexion" lends a greedy and cannibalistic expression to the word, and the soft *sh's* and *f's* instead of *j's* and *v's*, give a quite unique sense of an epicurish revelling in the flavours of sensation. The dialect of Mr. Leland's heroes expresses none of the easy familiarity with words which the Yankee dialect of Mr. Lowell expresses. On the contrary, you feel that the slow and sensual but omnivorous German-Yankees of his satires pick their way with difficulty through the labyrinths of speech, and feel their limits painfully, as they grope after the delineation of their voracious appetites and insatiable sentiments.

The type of extravagance and caricature in which both writers delight is much less different, has much more that is common in it. In the Biglow papers we have an ample supply of such illustrations, as the following, for instance, comparing the tropical rains of the rainy season to "our Prudence's" unmanageable teapot:—

"The clymit seems to me jest like a teapot  
made o' pewter  
Our Prudence hed, that wouldn't pour (all  
she could du) to suit her;  
Fust place the leaves 'ould choke the spout,  
so's not a drop 'ould dreen out,  
Then Prude 'ould tip an' tip an' tip till the  
holl kit bust clean out,  
The kiver-hinge-pin bein' lost, tea leaves an'  
tea an' kiver  
'Ould all come down *kerswoosh!* ez though  
the dam broke in a river.  
Jest so 'tis here; holl motions there ain't a  
day o' rainy weather,  
An' jest ez the officers 'ould be alayin' heads  
together  
Ex t'how they'd mix their drinks at such a  
milingtary deepot,—  
'Twould pour ez though the lid wuz off the  
everlasting teapot."

That bold conception, of "the everlasting teapot" is most characteristic of the American humour, which delights in magnifying the humblest and homeliest things with the view of humiliating, as it were, the grander and more ideal phenomena to which it compares them. Now, Hans Breitmann's extravagance and caricature are different in tone, but not in rationale. He affects to use the most familiar and ludicrous expressions as if they were full of sentiment:—

"Vere is die leettle leettle shtar  
The shtar of the spirit's light,  
All runned afay mit de Lager Bier  
Afay in de Ewigkeit;"

— or thus, in praising his lady-love:—

"Her heavenly voice, it drill me so  
It oft-dimes seemed to hoort,  
*She ish de holiest animile*  
*Dat ronns upon de dirt.*  
De renpow rises when she sings,  
De sonnshain vhen she dalk  
*De angels crow and flop deer wings*  
*Vhen she goes out to walk."*

Except that this is cast in a tone of mock sentiment, the conception of it is very much the same as that of the extravagances of the Biglow papers,—the secret being the close association of the most homely illustrations with the least homely; but it is done with the sardonic laugh of Heine behind it, instead of the keen dry smile of Yankee amusement.

As to the intellectual drift of the thoughts expressed in the Biglow papers and the Breitmann ballads respectively, they are as different as possible. The Biglow papers from beginning to end are meant to exalt justice, simplicity, integrity, mercy, as the very soul of politics, and take the true measure of the braggadocio, cunning, selfishness, cruelty which call themselves by high-sounding names. The first of all of them was a spirited protest against the Mexican war, which the Slave party had pressed on in the hope of increasing the Slave-State element in the Union.—and this note runs through the whole series:—

"Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'  
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,  
Help the men that's ollers dealin'  
Insults on your fathers' graves;  
Help the strong to grind the feeble,  
Help the many agin the few,  
Help the men thet call you people  
Witewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew!"

This drift sometimes takes the form of direct invective, and sometimes,—in Birdofredum Sawin's letters,—of bitter sarcasm; but it is always ethically the same, and the only real diversification of it is the genuine love of nature which bursts out from time to time in noble descriptions like the following of the New England spring, "that gives one leap from April into June:—"

"Then all comes crowdin' in; afore you think  
The oak-buds mist the side-hill woods with  
pink,  
The cat-bird in the laylock bush is loud,  
The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud,  
In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hangbird clings  
An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock  
slings.  
All down the loose-walled lanes in archin'  
bowers  
The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flow-  
ers,

'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,  
Gladness on wings, the bobolink is here;  
Half hid in tip-top apple blooms he swings  
Or climbs against the breeze with quivering  
wings,  
Or givin' way to 't in mock despair  
Runs down, a brook o' laughter thru the  
air."

In passages of this kind, no less than in the whole moral tone which pervades the Biglow papers, you see what really feeds the genius of the writer, and that a genuine faith in Divine government and a genuine love of the spirit which creates the beauty of the universe, is the master-key to all the grotesque sarcasm of the ballads. In the Breitmänn ballads it is very different. Mockery is the real master-spirit. The hunger for sausages and sentiment, for lager-beer and love, for widows and wassail, for battle and booty, has nothing behind or beneath it except real contempt for the human nature which thus manifests itself. Breitmänn and his party breaking into a church and getting drunk half on whiskey and half on maudlin sentiment, is typical of the whole ballads:—

"Derefore a Miserere  
Vilt dou, be-ghostet, spiel,  
Und vake be-raised yearnin'  
Also a holy feel,  
Pe referent, men — rememper  
Dis ish a Gotteshaus —  
Du Conrad, go along de aisles  
Und schenk de whiskey aus."

Scoffs like this, full of humour, but of humour with no heart in them, such scoffs as Byron sowed thick in "Don Juan," and Heine in all his exquisite poems, are of the very substance of the Breitmänn ballads. Even the feeling for Nature which Mr. Leland, like Heine, has very keenly, is used for the same mocking purpose. Thus, in a little ballad meant to make fun of the old chivalric impossibilities which knights undertook as the condition of winning their lady-loves, the influences of Nature acting upon the knight, Sir Steinli von Slang, after he has just been assured of success by a favouring goblin, are thus described:—

"De fiolet shdars vere apofe him,  
White moths und white dofes shimmered  
round,  
All nature seemed seeking to lofe him  
Mit perfume und vision und sound.  
De liddle oldt veller hat finished  
In a harp-like melotious twang;  
Und mit him all sorrow vas panished  
Afay from der Steinli von Slang."

In this, as in others of Mr. Leland's satirical ballads, there is real feeling for Nature

overlying the mockery, but not underlying it. Like Heine, he hardly likes to express it without a harsh laugh at himself for his pains. Mr. Leland, with a humour which falls short indeed, but not very much short, of Mr. Lowell's always contrives to leave a disagreeable taste behind the laughter which he provokes.—Mr. Lowell always a sense of the wisdom beneath the fancy, and the truth behind the smile.

From The Spectator.

#### MEMOIR OF BERGENROTH.\*

THIS biography reminds us of the stirring and unsettled lives which scholars not uncommonly led during the two centuries that followed the revival of learning. The profession of letters was then a European commonwealth, and its followers, in the changes of service which so often took them from one end of it to the other, found an element of adventure which strongly contrasts with the settled existence of their successors. Most of the men of letters of to-day know no vicissitudes beyond the failures and successes of school, of the University, and of the little world of literature; Gustave Bergenroth was successively a Prussian official, a revolutionary leader, a Californian adventurer, and a London *littérateur*; he began the great work of his life at an age when most men have long settled down to theirs, and he was cut off just when he was beginning to reap, in fame at least, the fruit of his labours, in an obscure Spanish town.

Bergenroth was born in 1818, a native of Eastern Prussia, the son of an official whose rank would correspond to that of a stipendiary magistrate or county-court judge in England. The father was an ardent Liberal in those days when Liberalism was, to say the least, no passport to fortune, and the son inherited his sentiments. At Königsberg, the university to which he proceeded at the age of twenty, he was not less distinguished as a leader of the wild frolics of the Burschen and a duellist than as a politician. Leaving the university in 1833, he passed through various official posts in Prussian law courts, till the commotions of 1848 found him Assessor in Berlin. Mr. Cartwright says:—"Whether he took part in the actual fighting is not clear. He certainly mixed with the insurgents, visiting the barricades in the course of the night,

\* Gustave Bergenroth: a Memorial Sketch. By W. C. Cartwright, M.P., Author of "The Constitution of Papal Conclaves." Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas, 1870.

and on the following morning he was in the mob at the moment of the famous charge by the Dragoon Guards in front of the palace, when he escaped being cut down by a trooper through the lucky accident of the latter's charger falling at the very moment of his bringing his sabre on Bergenroth's head. Scientific investigations were now quickly thrown aside for the more stirring life of a political agitator. Bergenroth was one of the founders of the Democratic Club, where, as well as at open-air meetings, he often spoke; and besides this, he wrote in the Radical papers." Finally, he was elected a member of the Chamber by a Pomeranian constituency; but the triumph of the Reaction was at hand, and he never took his seat. On the whole, it is clear that he was treated by the authorities with unusual leniency. He had before made himself conspicuous for his radical opinions, and had once given his superiors an advantage by absenting himself beyond his term of leave. It was not a severe punishment for all his offences against the dominant system that in 1849, after he had absented himself from his duties for a year, he was transferred from Berlin to the provincial court at Wittstock. To this banishment Bergenroth was not disposed to submit. After having further ingratiated himself with the authorities by assisting in the escape of Dr. Kinkel, he resolved to seek his fortunes in the New World. He landed at San Francisco in September, 1850, nearly dead of yellow fever. From San Francisco he went to the diggings. Tired of digging he turned to hunting, and finally betook himself to occupations which it would not be easy to define, which his own account published in *Household Words* does not explain. "He congregated round him," we are told, "a group of nondescript fellows, outlaws and adventurers of all nations, whom he contrived to fashion into a sort of community," making himself their captain. It would probably be a not unfavourable account of his position at this time of his life to say that he was the chief of a body of volunteer police. In California, however, Bergenroth stayed little more than six months. He returned to Europe, and, for the next six years, supported himself by teaching. In 1857 he came to England, and set himself seriously to the great work of his life, the examination of the original sources of history. A part of the results of the labour of two years in the Record Office appeared in an article on Wat Tyler, published in *Sybel's Historical Periodical*. But the resources of our English depositaries did not satisfy him, and he turned his eyes to Spain, to Simancas, where

the archives of the Spanish monarchy were preserved. It was for his work there, unfinished though it was, abruptly terminated when the harvest was barely begun, that his name will be remembered.

The archives of Simancas cover a period of something less than three centuries, from 1350 to 1625. They are peculiarly rich from the beginning of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella to the end of this period. The total number of the records it is impossible to estimate. There are, Bergenroth tells us, more than 100,000 *Legajos*, or bundles, each bundle containing from ten to more than a hundred documents. To the work of examining this mass of papers Bergenroth set himself as a private student, almost without resources. The *Athenæum* journal may claim the credit of having assisted him in his work by publishing in the shape of letters some of the first results of his labours. In 1861 the Master of the Rolls was looking for a scholar who would undertake a Calendar of Simancas State Papers relating to English history, and on Mr. Brewer's recommendation he gave the appointment to Bergenroth. It was not, we are sure, the fault of Lord Romilly, that for labours so vast, and involving, as the end too plainly showed, so much personal risk, one of the most ingenious scholars of the day received no more, both for allowances and pay, than £400 per annum. With untiring patience and perseverance he set himself to overcome the indifference and obstructiveness of the Spanish authorities, to find the needful assistance among a people where the qualifications of even the most ordinary knowledge and industry were equally rare, and finally to make himself master of the almost infinite materials which he had to bring into shape. For the details of this labour the reader must go to Mr. Cartwright's "Memoir," or rather to Bergenroth, who has been very properly permitted to speak for himself. Few men have shown more industry, none, it may be safely affirmed, more ingenuity. To catch in the very hasty examination which time allowed the meaning of a document written in a foreign language, in a form of that language more or less archaic, and in the varying hands of three centuries, was no trifling task, but the crowning triumph of Bergenroth's skill was the discovery of the ciphers which had been used in many of the documents. To find without failure the key to system after system which had been contrived at a time when the art was carried to its perfection is a feat of ingenuity that has never been surpassed. He triumphed over the difficulties of elaborating contrived signs, and the still

greater difficulties of hieroglyphics that signified nothing, with which dangerous communications were plentifully interspersed, just as powder now-a-days is mixed for safe storage with some non-explosive substance. Sometimes he actually decyphered what the original recipients of the letter, *with the keys by them*, had, as shown by their marginal notes, pronounced to be unintelligible.

Early in 1867, Bergenroth returned from visiting England and Germany to his residence in Spain. The next two years were spent in his familiar labours. Towards the close of 1868 he was seized with typhus fever, and after an illness of about two months in all, died at Madrid, whither he had removed in the vain hope of bettering his health, on February 13 in last year. His last letter was addressed to Lord Romilly, and was written from dictation on the 9th of that month. How much knowledge passed away with him it is impossible even to conjecture.

The principal monument of Bergenroth's labour is the Calendar of Simancas State papers referring to the Tudor period, the first part of which was published with an introduction in 1863, and the second in the same way in the summer of 1866. This was his official work; the *magnum opus* on which his own thoughts were bent was a life of Charles V. He judged the interest of English politics to be subordinate, and the Spanish Court to be the centre of European politics. Putting aside the essays on Wat Tyler's rebellion, a singularly instructive contribution to English history, of which we would gladly speak at length, most of the fragments of Bergenroth's discoveries which Mr. Cartwright gives us in this volume refer to this subject. Anything more sinister and terrible it would be difficult to conceive. Not the house of Thyestes in the realms of legend, not that of the Julian Cæsars in history, shows so full of horrors as does the family of Ferdinand and Isabella. One of the most curious revelations, one put, it would seem by the evidence beyond all doubt, is, one of which we have already spoken (*Spectator*, September 11, 1869), the true story of the mad Queen Juana.

Another remarkable discovery is the report by an eye-witness of the trial and execution of Don Carlos, son of Philip II. We quote the concluding passage, a description of which the ghastly simplicity exceeds all that rhetoric could do:—

"They enter a room where a large arm-chair is placed, surrounded by a great quantity of sawdust. The executioner stands near it with his knife. The Prince is not frightened by that sight. He is seated on the chair. The executioner begs his pardon, and the Prince in a gracious manner gives him his hand to kiss. The executioner ties his legs and arms with 'autas' of Cologne to the legs and arms of the chair; ties a bandage of black silk round his eyes, and places himself, with the knife in his hand, behind the Prince. The Prince says to the confessor [the author of the document], 'Pray for my soul.' The confessor says the Credo, and the Prince responds in a clear and firm voice. When he pronounced the words 'unico fijo'—only Son—the executioner puts his knife to his throat, and a stream of blood rushes down on the sawdust. The Prince struggles little; the knife, being very sharp, had cut well. The executioner takes the bandage from the eyes, which are closed. The face is pale, like that of a corpse, but has preserved its natural expression. The executioner unties the corpse, wraps it in a black baize cloth, and puts it in a corner of the room. That done, Antonio Perez flies all at once at the executioner, accusing him of having stolen the diamonds of the Prince. The executioner denies, is searched, and Perez finds, in one of the folds of his dress, the diamonds. The executioner grows pale, and declares that that is witchery. Escovedo is sent to the King, and soon returns with two arquebusers. The King, he says, has ordered that the executioner is to die on the spot for the heinous crime of having robbed the corpse of a Prince of the blood-royal. The executioner confesses, protests his innocence, is led out by the soldiers into the courtyard, and two detonations of arquebuses are heard."

Since this was written, we have learnt that the authenticity of this document has been questioned by critics in Germany. It is only right to say that Mr. Cartwright points out that Bergenroth expressed no opinion on this point, but gave the contents of the paper as he found it.

THE *Bulletin de la Societe d'Acclimatation* contains an article on the use of the skins of the Kangaroo for glove-making, which seems to promise a successful result in this respect, and as furnishing a new source of animal food, as these animals thrive well in Europe.

THE herbarium of Von Martius, the Bavarian botanist, containing considerably over 300,000 specimens, is waiting for some university to buy it. His library is to be sold by auction this month.

## CANONS.

From Nature.

To the south of Salt Lake and the Mormon Territory lies a dreary series of plateaux traversed by the Colorado river and its tributaries, which bear their burthen of waters into the Gulf of California. Though this region possesses many considerable streams, it is over large areas a kind of desolate wilderness, for instead of irrigating the ground these streams flow in profound gorges, which serve as natural drains to carry off the water which may fall upon the tablelands. Many fabulous tales have been told of these regions, their natural marvels receiving many amplifications as they came to be rehearsed by Indians, trappers, and adventurous wanderers into the far west. In 1857 the Government of the United States despatched an expedition to explore that little known portion of the Continent, and the report published by the expedition in 1861 gave the first trustworthy and detailed account of the Colorado region. The truth turned out to be almost stranger than the fiction. A vast territory was found to be intersected by ravines leading into the main line of gorges of the Colorado. These ravines, or cañons as they are termed, meander over the table-land as rivers do over alluvial meadows; but they are thousands of feet deep—hundreds of miles long, and so numerous that the country traversed by them is said to be impassable, save to the fowls of the air.

The longest and deepest gorge is the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Its length was set down by Dr. Newberry as about 300 miles; and its walls were described as rising steeply, sometimes vertically, from the margin of the river which filled the bottom of the ravine, to a height of from 3,000 to 6,000 feet—a line of precipice or natural section which has not yet found its equal on any other part of the globe. Attention has lately been again called to this remarkable gorge by the interesting narrative in Mr. Bell's "New Tracks in North America," and by the fuller details, as yet only partially published, obtained by an exploring party under Colonel Powell, of the United States army. By successive travellers and Government expeditions the gorges of the Colorado had been reached here and there. The surveying party of 1857-58 mapped them out and gave many admirable drawings of them, but declared the river not to be navigable above the Black Cañon. Profiting by previous failures, and by all the information which he could receive from Indians and others, Colonel Powell conceived the bold idea of attempting the de-

scent of the Colorado in boats. After months of toil and danger, he succeeded in forcing the passage of these forbidding gorges, and emerging safely at their further end. From his survey it appears that the Grand Cañon is 238 miles long, and from 2,500 to 4,000 feet deep. But though this is the longest, there are other ravines of hardly inferior dimensions. On the Green River, Col. Powell's party navigated a series 190 miles long. From where the Green River joins the Colorado, they passed through a succession of cañons for a distance of 256 miles before they came to the Grand Cañon.

Each cañon has tributary cañons: these again have often also their tributaries. In some places the lateral gorges crowd so closely together where they join the main one, that they are divided by perpendicular walls of rock, which seem so narrow at top as hardly to furnish footing for a man, though in reality large enough to support cathedrals. And these walls shoot 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the river, "while rocks and crags and peaks rise still higher, away back from the river, until they reach an altitude of nearly 5,000 feet." They consist to a large extent of brown, grey, and orange-coloured sandstones, gently inclined or horizontal, beneath which marble and granite in some places have been deeply trenched. In some places the walls are so absolutely vertical, that it is impossible to find a pathway between their base and the water. But where, owing to rapids, some portage was necessary, the explorers usually succeeded in carrying their stores, and sometimes even their boats, along the base of the cliffs.

The water of the Colorado River is red and muddy. It receives some tributary streams of clear water, but others are very turbid, particularly one which the expedition appropriately marked as the Dirty Devil. Moreover, after every heavy shower of rain, "cascades of red mud pour over the walls from the red sandstone above, with a fall of hundreds of feet." We await with interest the detailed report which Colonel Powell will furnish of these features of the river.

Dr. Newberry, who described this territory in the report of the former Exploring Expedition above referred to, declared his opinion that, notwithstanding the stupendous scale on which these cañons or ravines had been formed, they were all nevertheless true river-gorges, excavated by the erosive action of running water. Some geologists, as Dr. Foster of Chicago, in his recent work on the Mississippi Valley, have, opposed



this opinion, and have suggested that "the form and outline of these chasms were first determined by plutonic agency." But Dr. Newberry's explanation has been very generally accepted. He showed that there is nowhere any trace of fracture or disturbance, and that when the Cañon is dry its rocky bottom shows no mark of dislocation. Indeed, when we consider the intricate ramifications of these cañons, so precisely similar to the ordinary outlines of a drainage system over a low flat ground, it seems impossible to conceive of any agency capable of producing such ravines save the streams which flow in them.

But if cañons are merely the results of ordinary river erosion, why do they not occur everywhere? To such a question we may reply that river-ravines do occur everywhere, but is is only where the special circumstances which favour the formation of such ravines are most fully developed that they grow into the depth and length of cañons. What then are these special circumstances?

If we watch what takes place along the course of the rivers of this country, we can mark two kinds of erosion distinctly at work. First there is the river, grinding down the sides and bottom of its channel by sweeping along sand and shingle; and, secondly, there is the action of rain, springs, and frosts perpetually loosening the sides of the water-course, and sending the débris into the river which sweeps it away. If the river were not interfered with by these other subaërial agents, it would in time dig out for itself a gorge with more or less precipitous sides. But in proportion as these agents come into play, the ravine-like character passes into that of a valley with sloping sides. Where river erosion predominates we have ravines, where it is modified by rains and springs, but especially by frosts, we have valleys. Many of our rivers run both through gorges and along valleys, the changes in the nature of their banks being determined by corresponding changes in the nature and grouping of the rocks of which these banks consist, and the greater or less facility with which the rocks have been worn away by the one form of denudation or the other. The conditions needful for the formation of cañons, therefore, appear at present to be chiefly these:—1st. The erosive power of the streams must be greatly in excess of that of the other forms of atmospheric denudation. The rainfall must be small, or, at least, so equally distributed over the year as to reduce pluvial action to a minimum. Frosts must be equally rare and unimportant. The main

streams drawing their supplies of water from a distance, either from melted snow or abundant rainfall in the upper parts of their basins, must be maintained in sufficient volume to keep their channels full, either for the whole, or a good part of the year. 2nd. There must be a considerable uniformity in the character of the rock which the stream has first to cut through. It is not necessary that the rock should be soft, but it should preserve for a long distance, and present to the erosive action of the river, the same kind of geological texture and structure. Hence, horizontal or gently undulating strata, as of sandstone, or limestone, offer the greatest facilities for the erosion of cañons, as we know they do in our own country for the formation of ordinary river-ravines. When once the river has excavated its channel so deep that it cannot quit it, the nature of the rock may vary indefinitely without materially altering the aspect of the cañon. Hence on the Colorado, while the upper and chief part of the cañon has been cut through flat sandstone, limestone, and other strata, the lower portion has been excavated in marble and even in granite. 3rd. The country must be sufficiently elevated above the sea, either originally or by subsequent upheaval, to permit of a considerable declivity in its river-channels. The slope must be sufficient, not merely to let the water run off, but to give rise to currents strong enough to sweep along sand and gravel, and to excavate pot-holes. It is by the ceaseless grinding of such detrital material along the bottom of the river that the ravine is slowly deepened. Geologists, although they have constantly recognized this action, have not, perhaps, been always fully aware of its rapidity and extent, partly, no doubt, from the want of reliable data as to the nature and amount of the detritus pushed by rivers along the bottom of their beds. Messrs. Humphreys and Abbot computed that the Mississippi annually pushes into the Gulf of Mexico 750,000,000 cubic feet of gravel and sand, "which would cover a square mile about twenty-seven feet deep." The writer of the present paper was surprised a few years ago to find that the Rhine, after escaping from all its ravines and entering the low country about Bonn, retained force enough to drive along shingle upon its bed. By laying the ear to the bottom of a boat floating down mid-channel, it was easy to hear the grating of the stones as they rolled over each other. Hence we see that a river, which may be perfectly navigable by steamers, may yet have rapidity enough to scour its bed with coarse shingle. The

scour will, of course, be greater in proportion to the narrowing of the breadth of the stream and the increase of the slope.

It is mainly this eroding action which, so far as we know at present, has carved out the cañons of the Colorado. These wonderful ravines, meandering as ordinary rivers do, have sunk inch by inch into the country, retaining their original curves and windings, though continually increasing in depth. Unassisted, or aided but feebly, by the other subaërial agents, which, in such a country as ours, tend to break down the walls of ravines; and undisturbed by the inequalities of surface so characteristic of regions that have been under the influence of glacier-ice,\* the rivers, probably once much fuller than now, have been allowed to dig out their gorges through the table-lands of the Colorado, and to convert a tract of country, originally, perhaps, green and well-watered, into a dreary desert, intersected by a network of profound impassable ravines.

ARCH. GEIKIE.

\* The absence of any trace of glacial action on the Pacific slope is noted by Whitney (Proc. Acad. Nat. Sciences, California, III. 272), and by Foster ("Mississippi Valley," p. 338).

From The Saturday Review.

GOETHE'S CONVERSATIONS WITH CHANCELLOR VON MÜLLER.\*

A NEW record of Goethe's conversation is a literary event indeed, and one of quite a different character from those interminable manipulations which the well-nigh exhausted ores of trivial correspondence and minute biographical detail are still undergoing in Germany. The expectations naturally excited among those who have learned from Eckermann to appreciate the special advantage of the *vox viva* over the *littera scripta*, if somewhat moderated upon the appearance of the work, have yet not been found wholly delusive. Chancellor von Müller's reminiscences cannot be described as an appendix to Eckermann's, since, commencing at an earlier period than the latter, they run parallel with them for the greater part of their course. Neither can they be considered in the light of a supplement, for no essential detail is supplied, and no important misrepresentation rectified. The book may rather be regarded as a replica of Eckermann's on a smaller scale, attended

by the double advantage of confirming the authenticity and elucidating the distinctive traits of the original. As in the successful repetition of an experiment with the spectroscope, the lines reappear, but some are better defined. In some respects, to be noticed presently, it may serve as a corrective of errors arising from the too exclusive contemplation of Goethe under a particular aspect. In the main it is a welcome attestation of the justice of the accepted view, and a salutary admonition to disregard those who, impelled by vanity or the passion for paradox, will in time insist on presenting us with "an entirely new reading of the character." Goethe appeared to Von Müller as he appeared to Eckermann, as he appeared to Zelter, as he appears in his own writings, and more particularly in those portions of the second part of *Faust* in which he has embodied the maturest conclusions of his wisdom and the final results of his experience. Respecting the qualifications of Chancellor von Müller as a recorder of Goethe's conversation, it is not necessary to say much. His name is already a household word with all students of Goethe, and it is apparent that, while few enjoyed the poet's intimacy to a greater degree, none met him more nearly on a footing of equality, or felt more thoroughly in harmony with the peculiar attributes of his intellect. Any defects must be ascribed, not to a want of discernment in the reporter, but to errors of memory, omission to take notes, or that confusion of impressions which is so often the mortifying residuum of the most intellectual, and, while it lasted, most vividly enjoyed and clearly apprehended, talk.

We have intimated that Goethe may have been considered too exclusively in a particular point of view. It is, indeed, inevitable that the minor features of any character should to some extent be obscured by the more salient ones. Goethe's serenity and self-sufficiency are so imposing in themselves, and claim so large a share of any comprehensive survey of his character, that its elements of frailty and versatility are liable to be overlooked. No observer could have been more remote than Chancellor von Müller from the *valet de chambre* point of view, but his veneration does not tempt him to dissimulate his hero's occasional ill-humour and caprice. The references to Goethe's attacks of indisposition are also sufficiently numerous to surprise those who have pictured his old age as one of unbroken vigour and unimpaired health. In the main, no doubt, it was marvellously robust, but the interruptions of this desirable condition appear to have been frequent

\* *Goethe's Unterhaltungen mit dem Kanzler Friedrich von Müller.* Herausgegeben von C. A. H. Burkhardt. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

and serious, and must have told upon a mental constitution of such exquisite sensitiveness. That Goethe's susceptibility should appear more distinctly here than in Eckermann is a natural result of the Chancellor's superiority to the secretary in intellectual independence and social position. Von Müller, in fact, distinctly calls Goethe a Proteus, and the epithet may be accepted if we bear in mind that his versatility mainly arose from his tendency to regard things from an æsthetic point of view. Throughout these and all his other discussions we find him intent upon ascertaining some inner law of propriety and harmony, to the test of which the subject under consideration might be brought. Nothing repugnant to this fine sense of artistic symmetry could satisfy him. His hostility to Newton's theory of colours is a remarkable instance of this. A minor but not less characteristic example occurs here in a violent, and at first sight inexplicable, tirade — inexplicable, that is, as coming from Goethe — against mixed marriages between Christians and Jews. Nothing can be easily imagined more apparently inconsistent with the character of the speaker. The motive, however, is soon revealed; the betrothal of a non-Christian with Christian rites in a Christian church shocks his intuition of artistic propriety, and considerations derived from abstract reason go for nothing in comparison. It is important in studying Goethe to remember that the poet is the kernel of the man, and that his science is but a phase of his poetry. Few observations in the collection are more characteristic than the remark (made at the age of seventy) that he could still be moved to tears by the contemplation of singular moral or artistic excellence, but no more by compassion for others or by his own misfortunes. In the same spirit he refused even to look at a set of caricatures of Napoleon.

The following sayings are intensely Goethean: —

Let us have no recriminations, no complaints about what is past and unalterable. Sufficient for the day is the burden thereof. How could one exist if one did not deal out a general absolution to oneself and others every evening?

I will not meddle where I cannot see clearly and operate securely. I have always refused to see a somnambulist.

I would rather hang myself than be everlastingly denying, eternally in opposition, perpetually prying after the errors and defects of my fellowmen.

The saying is worthy of him by whom the Devil's attributes were condensed into the

single pregnant phrase, *Der Geist der stets verneint*.

Goethe's remarks on the subject of religion are numerous and striking. One of the last of his observations recorded is to the effect that mankind was passing through a great religious crisis; "How it will come out I cannot tell, but come out it must and will." On another occasion he explained the rapid success of Christianity by its having incorporated the truths of natural religion, and added that there was in fact no opposition between the two. He frequently recurs to the question of immortality. A memorable passage in Eckermann is thus expanded and enforced: —

Reinhard's present of Tibullus led to a very serious conversation on the "*Ecce jacet Tibullus*," and on the belief of a personal existence after death. Goethe expressed himself decidedly. It was impossible for a thinking being to conceive a non-existence, a cessation of thought and life; thus far every one involuntarily carried the proof of immortality in himself. But as soon as one quitted the ground of inner consciousness, as soon as, in the attempt to demonstrate or comprehend, one stuffed this subjective perception out into an inept system (*philisterhaft ausstaffire*), one became involved in contradictions.

On another occasion he said: —

I must confess that I should not know what to do with immortality if it offered me no new problems to solve and difficulties to surmount. But there is no fear of that; one need only to look up into the starry heavens to see that there will be nuts enough to crack.

Lucretius has attracted much attention of late. Goethe's opinion of him as a thinker will be found interesting: —

Lucretius's religious opinions need not be considered; his conception of nature is gorgeous, ingenious, sublime, and altogether praiseworthy; his views of the ultimate ground of things are of no importance. Men were haunted in his day by a terrible fear of the state after death, something like the purgatory of bigoted Catholics. Enraged at this, Lucretius fell into the other extreme, and wanted to make an end of their fears once for all by his doctrine of annihilation. Throughout the whole poem we perceive a gloomy, indignant spirit, disdainful of the intellectual poverty of the age. It has always been so, as with Spinoza and other heretics. If men would not be contemptible, philosophers need not be absurd. The abstruse paradoxes of Lucretius always remind me of Frederick the Great, when at the battle of Kollin he exclaimed to his grenadiers who hesitated to attack a battery, "Dogs, would ye live for ever?"

Fewer utterances on science are here recorded than might have been anticipated,

considering Goethe's ever-increasing devotion to the study of nature during the latter years of his life. We know from Eckermann how frequently science formed the topic of his conversation; its want of prominence in Von Müller's records is probably due to the Chancellor's comparative inattention to the subject. The following notes are, however, very interesting, and their interest is enhanced by the circumstance of the conversation being the last recorded. It took place on February 26th, 1832, one month and two days before the death of Goethe. He observed, on being informed that his interlocutors were endeavouring to master his Theory of Colours:—

The matter is very simple, but difficult on that very account. The greatest truths are often—nay almost always—contradictory to the perceptions of sense. What can in appearance be more preposterous than the motion of the earth around the sun?

Nature delights in the infinite variation of the individual phenomenon, but we must not suffer ourselves to be distracted by her. We must ascertain the one invariable rule on which all her seeming variety depends.

It is well for you who can go into gardens and woods and look innocently on trees and flowers. All I see there reminds me of the metamorphosis of plants, and torments me with speculation upon it.

The great comet is coming in 1834. I have already written to Schrön in Jena to compile a collection of all the notices we have of him, that so distinguished a gentleman may not fail of a becoming reception.

The great controversy of development *versus* fixity of type, in which Goethe took so intense an interest, is only once referred to, but the passage is full of significance:—

Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire, with his one original type of all organizations, and his *Système d'Analogies*, is quite in the right against Cuvier, who is after all only a proxy fellow (*Philister*). I chanced long ago upon that simple original type. No organic being entirely corresponds to the idea at the root of it; behind each is concealed the higher idea: there is my God! there is the God whom we all everlastingly seek and hope to contemplate in His fulness (*erschauen*); but we can only divine, never behold Him!

The exalted feeling of this passage will suggest how little sympathy Goethe, notwithstanding the practical element in his nature, could have entertained for some of the schools of thought most fashionable in our day. Positivism and physiological materialism would evidently have been about equally uncongenial to him. In spite of his strong perception of reality we find him ad-

mitting the fascination of metaphysics, and deploring the time which he had been led, at a very advanced age, to devote to the study of Hegel. In a very remarkable conversation (1823) he expressly ascribes the progress of scientific discovery to the impulse communicated by philosophy. "Everything was wonderfully re-fashioned and set in a new light, and it was a joy to see in how far more worthy a manner every branch of science was pursued. This was the service rendered by philosophy, which, in spite of the host of absurd systems, had penetrated everything with new vivifying energy."

Literary anecdotes and criticisms are as frequent as would naturally be anticipated. Space will only allow us to cite some of Goethe's remarks on English contemporary authors. He appears to have been familiarly acquainted with only two of these, Scott and Byron. Notwithstanding the healthy objectivity of Scott, so much more akin to his own genius than the moody self-anatomy of Byron, we find him according a decided preference to the latter. His opinion of Scott seems indeed unduly depreciatory, and hard to reconcile with the enthusiastic praise which, in his conversation with Eckermann, he bestows on one of the latest and weakest of the Waverley novels. It must be remembered, nevertheless, that the characteristically Scotch colouring of the earlier members of the series would place them at a great disadvantage with even the most intelligent foreign critics. On one occasion Goethe renders full justice to Scott's greatness as an historical novelist, and apologizes in a manner for the limited range of his own fictions by dwelling on the want of national spirit in Germany, and the poverty of German history. The accusation is unjust, and he must have forgotten his own Egmont and Götz von Berlichingen. His judgments on Byron are somewhat fluctuating. It may be reasonably conjectured that the object of his admiration was less Byron the poet than Byron the "problematic nature"—a character of that class which, as he elsewhere says when speaking of Bettina, afforded him endless interest. He also regarded Byron as the representative of a new order of mind—a fresh organic type—in which capacity he is introduced as Euphorion into the second part of *Faust*. The most important specific criticism is on *Heaven and Earth*, which Goethe, in our opinion rightly, prefers to *Cain*; in another place, however, he speaks with just admiration of the magnificent imprecation pronounced by Eve in the latter drama. An astounding encomium on the

pseudo-Byronic *Vampyre* merely shows how little the ablest foreign judges are qualified to appreciate the niceties of style. Goethe's acumen also appears at fault in his confident ascription of Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," printed anonymously in Medwin's *Conversations*, to Byron. He speaks on this occasion contemptuously of Shelley (with whose works he must have been entirely unacquainted), fancying that he had disparaged this fine poem. Medwin, however, only says that Shelley, after hearing it read aloud, observed that he should have taken it for a first sketch by Campbell. Goethe probably knew nothing of Campbell, and was therefore unable to appreciate either the justice or the really complimentary character of the criticism. Medwin's work was then the chief source of information regarding Byron, and seems to have been eagerly perused at Weimar. Goethe characterizes Byron, as represented in it, very fairly, dwelling with indignant regret on the petty scandals and jealousies, the waste and aimlessness, of his existence. In another place he says that Byron died at the right time. There was a flaw in his Greek enterprise from the first; it could not have ended well.

On the whole, although this book cannot be said to make any considerable addition to our knowledge of Goethe, it fulfils the second and hardly less important end of similar publications. The reader, if qualified to be a reader, cannot but experience the elevating and stimulating effect of intercourse with a great mind.

From The Spectator.

#### A BUDDHIST "MATTHEW ARNOLD."

MR. HENRY ALABASTER, the Interpreter to Her Majesty's Consulate-General in Siam, has just given us an exceedingly remarkable book, which all those who take the least interest in the study of that most bewildering of all subjects, comparative religions, will devour with the deepest interest. It is a translation,\* with explanatory remarks, of a little work, — "the first ever printed and published by a Siamese without foreign assistance," — which we may best describe by saying that it reads like an essay from the hand of a Buddhist Matthew

Arnold, in other words, a layman of perfect culture, of much subtlety of thought, with something of "distinction" of style, perfect tranquillity of nature, a keen eye for the physiognomy of faith, a sceptical intellect, and a spirit of strongly religious leanings. The author is not, however, a poet; but his social position in Siam is even higher than Mr. Arnold's in England, having been for many years that of Minister of Foreign Affairs in Siam, from which he only retired two years ago when he lost his sight. Mr. Alabaster appears to think that some of this gentleman's (Chao Phya Thipakon's) best ideas on religious subjects may have been derived from the late King of Siam, who was "the founder of a new school of Buddhist thought," and who was in some sense a Buddhist Colenso, since "while himself a monk, and eminent among monks for his knowledge of the Buddhist Scriptures, he boldly preached against the canonicity of those of them" whose stories were opposed to reason and to his knowledge of modern science. But the late King seems to have committed none of his ideas to writing. His views survive, so far as they survive at all, only in what Mr. Alabaster calls "the less advanced ideas" of his minister. That minister is, however, as it seems to us, a model of intellectual breadth and calm. Mr. Alabaster says that all foreigners who conversed with Chao Phya Thipakon on political business found him not only suave and open to argument, but perfect in the courteous urbanity of his demeanour in such argument. "It was his wont when with those who could converse freely in Siamese, to end every official interview with a private discussion on some theological or transcendental subject, therein differing from all the other leading men of his country, whose thoughts and inquiries were always about material, mechanical, and practical subjects. For instance, if gunpowder was alluded to, he would expatiate on the advantages civilized nations derived from it, or would speculate on its combustion changing a solid into a gas, while any other nobleman would have discussed either the best proportion of its ingredients, or the best place to buy it, and the right price to pay for it." That is a very pleasant picture. Perhaps it would be unreasonable to expect that foreign ministers so busy as Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and Lord Clarendon, should have been in the habit of gliding into a conversation on transcendental science or theology with Baron Brunow, or Count Apponyi, or Baron Bunsen before dismissing them. Such a habit speaks of the contemplative leisure and strange calm of the East. As

\* *The Modern Buddhist; being the Views of a Siamese Minister of State on His Own and Other Religions.* Translated with Remarks by Henry Alabaster, Interpreter of H.B.M.'s Consulate in China. London: Trubner.



Mr. Arnold tells us of the Roman times, so is it now in the English, —

"The brooding East with awe beheld  
Her impious younger world,  
The Roman tempest swelled and swelled  
And on her head was hurled.

"The East bowed low before the blast  
In patient deep disdain;  
She let the legions thunder past,  
Then plunged in thought again."

And so it seems to be still. The Siamese Minister gives audience to these restless, pushing strangers, and hears from them all sorts of bizarre arguments. Some of them (missionaries of the go-a-head type) tell him, for instance, with a bitter irony on themselves of which they are quite unconscious, "It does at times please God to accede to the requests of those who pray to Him; a remarkable instance of which is that Europeans and Americans have more excellent arts than any other people. Have they not steamboats, and railways, and telegraphs, and weapons of war superior to any others in the world? Are not the nations which do not worship Christ comparatively ignorant?" (p. 31-2.) But Chao Phya Thipakon only listens to such statements in "patient deep disdain," and answers calmly, "There are many in Europe who do not believe in God, but are indifferent, yet have subtle and expanded intellects, and are great philosophers and politicians. How is it that God grants to those men who do not believe in Him the same intelligence He grants to those who do?" And the bustling missionary who has used so gross and unspiritual a fallacy by way of religious argument, replies in a pet at the end of the discussion, "If any man spake like this in European countries he would be put in prison," whereupon Chao Phya Thipakon calmly but shrewdly invites "particular attention to this statement." He was clearly a great deal too many for the sort of missionary who tried to instruct him.

But we must give some account of this remarkable man's positive religious thought. He divides the religions of the world into those whose adherents do or do not believe in the existence of beings who can help them, and in the efficacy of prayer and intercession; the former (including all the forms of Christianity and Brahminism) he calls Brahmanyang; the latter, — those of the type of Buddhism, which reject practical results from prayer or intercession, he calls Samanyang; and he intimates, with regard to the belief of the Brahminical and Christian thinkers in prayer and intercession (just as Mr. Arnold intimated of those parts

of St. Paul's belief which he considered to be purely subsidiary), that "Science" knows nothing of it, can neither prove it, nor disprove it, but simply ignores it, finding no evidence to sustain it in the present state of our knowledge. He insists at least as much as Mr. Arnold on the fruitfulness of scientific method. He gives the Buddhist legends concerning the origin of natural phenomena like rain, and heat, and fever, and so forth, from old books which he regards as uncanonical and not sanctioned by Buddha himself, remarking, with all the equanimity of an Essayist and Reviewer, that no one has verified or can verify such legends, while the fact that vapour exhales from rivers and the sea, and rises into the cooler regions of the atmosphere, where it is condensed into water and forms clouds, — and again, that poisonous gases rise from marshes and find their way through the lungs of animals into the blood, where they create fever, — this is matter of experimental verification. He is, therefore, a complete sceptic as to the "personal" origin of natural phenomena, and a keen believer in that theory of causation which is content with unconditional antecedents, and tries to penetrate no further. On the other hand, he is very anxious to explain away the apparent indifference of Buddha to false theories of origin and cause, and his silence as to the true. His reverence for the founder of his faith is so deep that he is most anxious to defend him from any charge of ignorance or error. As a critic, he is not destructive, like Dr. Colenso, but decidedly conservative. He speaks of the relation of science to Buddha's teachings just as we now speak of the relation of science to the inspiration of the Bible. "Those who have studied Pali know that the Lord taught concerning the nature of life and the nature of good and evil, but never discourses about cosmography [? cosmogony]. It is probable that he knew the truth, but his knowledge being opposed to the ideas of the "Traiphoom" which everyone then believed in, he said nothing about it. For if he had taught that the world was a revolving globe, contrary to the traditions of the people who believed it to be flat, they would not have believed him . . . and they, disagreeing with him, might have used towards him evil language and incurred sin. Besides, if he had attacked these old traditions he would have stirred up enmity and lost the time he had for teaching all living beings. . . . Had the Lord Buddha taught cosmography as it is taught in the "Traiphoom," he would not have been omniscient, but by refraining from a subject which men of science were certain eventu-

ally to ascertain the truth of, he showed his omniscience." Chao Phya Thipakon, therefore, though so keen an adherent of Scientific method, is disposed, like Mr. Arnold, to be as conservative as may be in the spirit of his biblical criticism. He prefers to insist on the truth which remains, and takes no delight in adding to the number of conjectural errors in the religious traditions which he acknowledges.

Such being our author's attitude towards Science, what is, according to him, the spiritual essence of Faith? He illustrates it by a report which he admits having modified in form (in order to express better his own religious view), of a dialogue of Buddha's with some of his disciples who asked to be told the true religion, that they might be relieved from doubt. In this dialogue Buddha is supposed to have begun by warning them what *not* to believe in. They are not to believe in anything on mere assertion; nor to have faith in traditions; nor in the opinion of the many; nor in the mere written statement of "an old sage"; nor in the more remarkable impressions which flash across their own minds; nor in guesses; nor in suitability or analogy, "such as believing there must be walls of the world, because you see water in a basin;" nor in the truth of that to which they have been accustomed; nor because a person of power or weight makes an assertion; nor because a person of rank does so; nor because one who has been their teacher and master does so. "I tell you all," said Buddha, "that you must of your own selves know that this is evil, this is punishable, this is censured by wise men, belief in this will bring no advantage to one, but will cause sorrow." And till they know these things of their own knowledge they are not to believe them. They are to ask their own hearts if "absence of covetousness Alopho, absence of passion, Atoso, absence of folly, Amoho, are profitable or not," and on the assurance of their own hearts that they are, they are to believe that it is good to cultivate these virtues. Yet it is remarkable enough that while appearing to protest against belief on authority, this passage really carefully includes provision for a certain kind of authority. It enumerates as one of the results of which intimate personal experience can assure men, the knowledge whether or not certain virtues or vices are praised or blamed "by wise men." That is, ordinary men are supposed to be able to recognize "wise men" as surely as they can recognize good and evil; and are supposed to judge whether an action is right partly by

its being "praised by wise men," as well as to judge whether a man is wise partly by his praising an action that is right. This may be reasoning in a circle, but it is good moral logic, for all that. As to the moral ends of life, — in our Buddhist's view they are universal benevolence and kindness to all the animated creation, freedom from all passion, and perfect veracity; — and all this in *motive*, rather even than in external seeming. There is, of course, the radical Buddhist confusion between perfect serenity and perfect inactivity. The highest state is conceived of as attained through pure goodwill to all, and yet as being a still, passionless, changeless abyss of silence and identity of thought. The good-will — the benevolence — of which the Buddhist makes so much, he yet subordinates to the tranquillity of a fixed dream, instead of subordinating divine serenity to love, like the Christian. But perhaps the most curious part of our Buddhist's creed is his belief in a law of inevitable moral causation, linking together guilt and pain, goodness and happiness, which he attributes to no personal will or thought at all, but only to the constitution of the universe, — or what he calls *Kam*, — *i.e.*, moral necessity. Our Buddhist thinkers steadily rejects the notion that this law of moral necessity is due to a moral being, to any absolute Mind and Will; and yet he reasons: — "If we were to believe that death is annihilation, we should be at a loss to account for the existence of mankind," as if a law of fatal necessity, due to no free divine Will, could possibly render "account," in our human sense, of any disposition that might be included in it. Keen and penetrating as our Buddhist thinker is, there are not a few of these unconscious moral inconsistencies in his creed. His system really is Atheism coupled with the belief that man by holiness and purity, and the action of the law of an inevitable moral necessity, may himself attain to apotheosis, — may reach the state of changeless eternal divine tranquillity ("Nirvan," "Nigban," or as the Siamese seem to call it "Nippen"), to which Buddha has already attained. It is, indeed, a strange system this, — in which apotheosis approaches so closely to our conception of vacancy, and, on the other hand, a mere chain of moral cause and effect which is carefully denied all personal origin or significance, approaches so nearly to our conception of God.

As a proof of the "distinction" of thought by which Chao Phya Thipakon seems to us to be marked, take the following sentence: — "Also there are those who having listened

to teaching are enlightened, and see clearly that form and name are not realities, and must be considered as sorrows, and that there is no help to be had from any one, but that good and evil are the result of merit and demerit." We do not agree with that, but it reminds us of a passage in *Faust*, and of two verses of Mr. Arnold's, to neither of which we may safely assume that Chao Phya had access:—

"Gefühl ist alles;  
Name ist Schall und Rauch  
Umnebelnd Himmelsgluth:"

"Feeling is all in all,  
Name is but sound and smoke,  
Darkening the glow of Heaven."

And as to the latter clause of the extract, hear Mr. Arnold:—

"From David's lips this word did roll,  
'Tis true and living yet:  
No man can save his brother's soul,  
Nor pay his brother's debt.

"Alone, self-poised, henceforward man  
Must labour! must regain

His all too human creeds, and scan  
Simply the way divine."

We hardly think either the German or the English poet has the advantage over the Buddhist thinker there in the *form* of expression.

The translator, Mr. Alabaster, to whom we are greatly indebted for this truly remarkable little book, concludes his very sympathetic criticism with the remark that the proof of Buddhism "rests on the assumptions that the reason of man is his surest guide, and that the law of nature is perfect justice. To the disproof of these assumptions, we recommend the attention of those missionaries who wish to convert Buddhists." We should say, on the contrary, that almost every page of this remarkable book contains some implicit or explicit confession that the reason of man tends to transcendental beliefs which are beyond and above reason; and that the law of nature is only "perfect justice" on conditions which virtually assume it, on grounds quite beyond the ken of human observation, to be identical with the law of God.

#### SPRING.

Come back, O Spring of Earth!  
Come back, thou long-lost spring!  
We long for the light of love and mirth  
That airs of April bring;  
We long for the soft moss-rose,  
For a fresh green . . . the leaves,  
For the sunny bank where the daffodil blows,  
And the swallow in the eaves;  
We are tired of the Winter's gloom,  
Of the snow-flake cold and pale;  
And we long for the orchard's crown of bloom  
And the song of the nightingale.

Come back, O Spring of youth!  
Come back to the hoary head;  
We long for the light of joy and truth,  
And the hopes that are long since dead;  
We long for the brooding wings  
Of those blue eternal skies  
That gilded the dullest and meanest things  
With the glory of Paradise.  
We are tired of the ceaseless beat  
Of waves on a weary shore,  
Of the clach of tongues and the tramp of feet,  
And the heart too dull to soar;  
And we long (in vain) for the sunlight sweet  
That is vanished for evermore.

Come back, O Spring of Love!  
Come back to the heart grown cold;

We long for the moon in the elm-tree grove  
And the autumn's noon of gold;  
We long for the evening hours  
When the rooks had gone to rest,  
And from myrtle scent of garden bowers  
We gazed at the crimson West.  
We long for one hour to borrow  
The heart of deep content,  
The light of a time when all our sorrow  
Was an hour in absence spent,  
We are tired of a loveless strife  
With toil, and sin, and care;  
And we long for the light of a nobler life,  
And the loving heart that's there.

Come back, O Spring of Heaven!  
Come back to a world forlorn;  
We long for the twilight of earth's sad even  
To melt in a golden morn;  
We long for the mists to rise  
That hang o'er the good and true,  
To see once more, through opening skies,  
The eternal stainless blue;  
And to walk by the palms of Paradise,  
Where Heaven and Earth are new.  
We are tired of the dreary gloom  
Of earth and earthly things,  
And we long for the soul's immortal bloom,  
Where joy and love are her rich perfume,  
And "Glory" the song she sings.

Chambers' Journal

## CHAPTER V.

BRIMFUL of zeal, and of the best sort, as he was, Carlino soon found out that he had not too much of it to meet the exigencies of his situation. It took him a whole week to realize the entire helplessness of his master, and all the extent and continuity of the duties devolving upon him in consequence of this helplessness. Carlino had to get his master out of bed, to wash and dress him, to wheel him about the house, to feed him, to write his letters, to keep his accounts, to read aloud to him, to be ready at every call by day and by night, to soothe him when in pain, to cheer him when desponding, to entertain him when the time hung too heavily on his hands. For though the Baron's moral temperature had risen fifty per cent. in the calm atmosphere with which Carlino surrounded him, still the poor invalid would occasionally relapse into dependency, or break out into fits of impatience and *ennui*.

To all this, however, and to keeping the apartment in order to boot, Carlino, by dint of method, activity, and good humour, found means to suffice single-handed—for the cook, an old termagant, would not give him the least assistance—but naturally at the cost of not having a spare moment for himself, by which *Mdlle. Victorine* was a loser. The walks to the Luxembourg garden, the sauntering along the quays, were out of the question now; even the little chats indulged in with the door ajar, when either *Victorine* had to pass the first story on her way up or down, or when Carlino went by the apartment of the *Marquise* on his way to his attic, even these were things of the past—not to be thought of in the present. *Victorine* must be contented with a chance "good day," or a kind inquiry after her health sent through the *concierge*. Still it was a great comfort to have him under the same roof with her, to think of his being near while she waited the return of her mistress from ball or *soirée*, to watch in the dead stillness of the night any the least noise in the apartment below, and to say to herself, "He has had a sound sleep," or, "He has had to get up, poor soul!"

In course of time there came by post a packet addressed to Carlino. It contained *Signor Colletta's* answer to Carlino's last letter, and the often-mentioned letter from *Madame Ferrollet*. *Signor Colletta*, having first explained the delay of the enclosure, thanked and complimented Carlino on the speedy and happy issue of the business entrusted to his care, approved of his expenses, and begged him to accept, as a mark of the writer's satisfaction, a hundred

francs, to be deducted from the balance still remaining in Carlino's hands, the surplus, at a convenient moment, to be returned to *Signor Giorgio*. The contents of *Madame Ferrollet's* packet we already know—a letter from the Baron to *Madame Ferrollet*, and one from her to Carlino, with the bank-note for a hundred francs intended for Carlino's journey.

This note was nearly the cause of a disagreement between master and servant. Carlino returned it to the Baron, insisting that he had no right to it; the Baron, on his side, refusing to receive it. "It was meant for your journey. Have you not read my letter to *Madame Ferrollet*? It belongs to you?"

Carlino received this assertion on the horns of a dilemma. "If it was for my journey, it is not needed, as here I am in Paris with my expenses defrayed by *Signor Colletta*; if you mean it as a present to me, I cannot accept it, for I have had no time to deserve it."

"I decline being under an obligation to *Signor Colletta*," said the Baron.

"You are under none," said Carlino.

"Well then, nor to you," retorted the Baron, chafing. "That is," he continued, checking himself, "no more than I can help." The Baron had controlled his temper at sight of a cloud overcasting Carlino's face. He added in a gentle tone, "You know that I am under more obligations to you than money can pay. Come, come, take it, if only not to pain me."

Carlino took it out of obedience, though he would have given much not to be obliged to do so. Though Carlino was not greedy of money, he understood the value of it, now especially that he had matrimony in view. His repugnance in this case had its rise in the feeling that he had really done nothing to earn this hundred francs, and in the misgiving that the Baron might fancy he did out of interested motives what he had the consciousness of doing from the promptings of his own heart.

The Baron's all-absorbing preoccupation at this moment was his journey to *Divonne*. He could think and talk of nothing else. He was never tired of demonstrating, scientifically, as he thought, book in hand, the excellence of the water-cure system, the strengthening action of water upon the tissues, the consequent rebound of the tissues upon the nerves, &c. Carlino wished for nothing better than to believe—and, indeed, the expounder's faith in his panacea was so entire that it communicated itself to the simple mind of the listener, with a reservation, however, in favour of the mud-

baths of Acqui. The servant also had his miraculous cures to relate, to which the master would listen in his turn, with that eager interest and credulity with which all but hopeless invalids suck in, as it were, everything that can nourish their delusion of some way to recovery.

There was that in the mud-baths of Acqui, as described by Carlino, which took the Baron's fancy, and chimed in with his natural predilection for extreme remedies. To have one's body covered with a stratum of intensely hot mud, to be left to stew under that kind of coat until the perspiration trickled in rivulets from every pore, struck our sufferer as a sufficiently heroic process to be likely to produce some results, and therefore worth trying. "But your Acqui," would the Baron observe, "has one defect — it is so far off, and no railway to it. We must put off our going there until a better opportunity — if that ever comes. Should Divonne do me good, I mean so far as to restore the partial use of my limbs — I say only partial — you see I am not over sanguine or exacting — well, if Divonne only succeeds in restoring me to be half a man, nothing need then hinder us from going to Acqui."

"Just so," assented Carlino; "Divonne is to be our first stage to Acqui."

"And the sooner we get to Divonne," added the Baron, "the sooner we shall get to Acqui."

Master and servant being thus of one mind, all that remained for Carlino was to push forward the preparations for their intended journey and long stay at the famous hydropathic establishment.

Things were at this crisis when one morning that *rara avis*, a visitor, arrived. It was the doctor who had chanced to be on the spot when the Baron's accident had occurred, and who had brought him home, to all appearance dead. He had been in attendance for a month professionally, and afterwards had continued to drop in at long intervals, unprofessionally. A spare, tall gentleman, of middle age, who talked little, but to the point, and had a quiet, sympathetic manner, which inspired confidence. Baron Gaston was grateful to the doctor for the interest he had continued to show, and always saw him with pleasure. As for Carlino, he lost his heart to the physician at first sight. His service obliging him to go in and out of the room where the gentlemen were, he could not but catch some dribblets of their conversation. The Baron announced to the doctor his approaching departure for Divonne. "Ah, indeed!" was the rejoinder, in a tone that seemed to

Carlino anything but approving. Then, again, he heard the doctor say, as he was taking leave, "I wish you a good journey and success; but, above all, be on your guard against the wet — it is a pity that you cannot wait till the warm weather sets in."

Carlino accompanied the doctor to the door, and said to him, "Excuse the liberty, sir, but do you really think the water cure will benefit my master?"

"Why, my friend," said the doctor, "you ask me more than I can tell; harm it probably will not do."

"And," asked Carlino again, "perhaps it were better not to go so soon?"

"As to that, you are quite right," answered the doctor. "You seem to be attached to your master, therefore I will venture to tell you frankly, that every day's delay will be a clear gain to the Baron; but if he insists, and gets angry, go. To keep his mind easy is the thing of all things for him."

Too conscientious to disregard the doctor's warning, and too far committed to the speedy realization of the water-cure scheme, to stop midway without any good reason to give, Carlino was never more perplexed in his life. Happily chance, as sometimes happens in similar straits, came to his aid. May proved very stormy and wet, and when the fine weather did set in, it came accompanied by a biting north wind. These meteorologic circumstances were pleaded by Carlino with tolerable success, and the Baron submitted to the delay without over-much fretting or fuming. But there is an end to everything, especially to wet and cold in May; and there came a day, towards the end of the month, when the sun shone bright and warm, and the barometer stood fixed at fine weather. It was on the 26th that the Baron said to Carlino, "It is to-day a month since you re-entered my service; here are your wages for that time."

Carlino took the money, and saw at a glance that it amounted to a hundred francs. "Monsieur pays me as much as when I kept myself, which is not just," observed Carlino.

"Never mind," replied the Baron, "you have now at least double work, and I choose to pay you in proportion to your work."

"Dear me, I shall grow a miser," protested Carlino, pitifully; "the other day it was a hundred francs from Signor Colletta, then another hundred from Monsieur, and now a hundred again. What shall I do with all this money?"

"It will be of use to you when you are no longer in my service."



"Does Monsieur mean to send me away?"

"You know well that I do not intend that, Carlino;—I mean that I shall leave you—die one of these days, and then——"

"I beg Monsieur not to speak so, even in jest."

"I speak in sober earnest," was the Baron's reply. "What can I expect to do but to die, if nobody, not even you, will help me to make a trial of what may save me?" The reproach, not entirely undeserved, cut Carlino to the quick.

"Monsieur knows that I am ready to obey him."

"Yes, you said as much a month ago, and here we are still."

"Shall I go and bespeak a bed-carriage for to-morrow?"

"Not for to-morrow, but for the day after, if you have no objection."

"Bless my heart! what objection can I have? It is for Monsieur to order, and for me to obey," and away went Carlino to finish the packing. In the course of the day a thought occurred to him, which he communicated to his master,—the thought that it might be as well to write to Divonne, so as to ensure rooms. The Baron agreed to this, to make assurance doubly sure, as he said; but would not hear of writing, and telegraphed instead. On the same evening a telegram in answer arrived, to say that the rooms applied for were at his disposal. On the morrow a *coupé-lit* was secured, and on the following day they started.

For you and me to start, who have the full use of our limbs, is a simple matter enough; to drive to the station, have the luggage registered, get a ticket, and then seek for the most comfortable seat in a railway carriage—all this does not require much exertion, nor does it take much time. But for a poor creature who can do nothing for himself, to start is a long and complicated operation, fraught with much difficulty and much misery of mind and body. It was an affair of state for our helpless traveller to be carried down-stairs to the court, and there lifted into a coach; and a second affair of state to be lifted out of the coach, carried like a bundle to the platform, and from thence transferred to the bed-carriage. The material discomfort of being thus hauled about, considerable as it was, shrunk to nothing in comparison to the mental torture of feeling himself the object of the idle curiosity, not unminged with pity, if you will, but not the less offensive for that, which stared at him from all the windows of the house he was leaving, which gathered round him in groups, both at the Paris terminus and at

that of Geneva. Few know, save those who have gone through such an ordeal, to what extent bodily infirmity is shy, and how it is apt to writhe under exposure; few know the exquisite pain which a look or a gesture can inflict. Carlino did all he could to screen his master from the gaze of indiscreet on-lookers, and to divert his thoughts from it, with more zeal than success. At last the herculean task was accomplished. Divonne was reached; and worn and weary, but thankful at heart, the Baron was safely lodged in the comfortable suite of apartments bespoken by telegraph.

Three cheerful rooms full of light and air, opening on a wavy expanse of variegated green, gentle slopes of pasture, rich stretches of purple forest, in short, on all that is best calculated to gladden the eyes and heart of a poor recluse. The transition from the dingy apartments in Rue Madame, with its look-out on a few meagre trees, to this vast luxurious prospect, floating in an atmosphere of diamond-like purity, had something magical in it, it resembled a dream, and of the best sort. The Baron was enraptured, his sensations were those of a person long buried in a subterranean dungeon, who is suddenly restored to freedom, and the light of day. His spirits rose high. If the mere aspect of the country, thought he, if the fresh air he breathed, sufficed to revive him, what had he not the right to expect from those wholesome agencies when combined with a treatment, the efficaciousness of which was an article of faith with him?

His impatience to begin may be easily conceived, but in this he was checked. The faculty which ruled at the baths decided that he must first have a week of complete repose. At the end of the week, the treatment commenced, but in its mildest form—wet bandages and sheets in which he was made to lie down for an hour between blankets, twice a day, submitting afterwards to a gentle rubbing. This was a mere trifle, next to nothing of what was to follow; but even this little was productive of beneficial results. Not that the great enemy, palsy, to call it by its right name, had in the least given way, but the patient's general health had improved. The little he ate, he ate without repugnance, now and then even with pleasure, his sleep was better and more refreshing, no longer haunted by horrible dreams. And then, he had no fits of pain since his arrival. All this was so much ground gained, and moreover, full of good augury for a more decisive success.

The hours which were not taken by the water-cure, and by his meals (these were served to him in his apartments), the Baron

spent at the window. Sometimes he had himself carried down to the garden, made the tour of it in his wheeled-chair, or had himself so placed, that his head was in the shade, the rest of his body in the sun. There were plenty of attendants within call to carry him up and down stairs; but once in the garden Carlino attended him exclusively, wheeling him here and there, reading or talking to him, according to the fancy of the moment.

The Baron was not the only inmate of the establishment deprived of the power of motion, and consequently dependent on others for all locomotion. With those in the same sad plight as himself he willingly exchanged greetings, and compared notes *en passant*, but never conversed long with any one. He instinctively shrunk from confidences which might shake his faith or dim his hopes. Some of the patients hopped about on crutches, or walked leaning on the arms of attendants. How he envied them! So true is it that everything is relative. One unhappy being, a young lady of nineteen or twenty, was worse than he was. She could not sit upright in her garden chair, but had to be wheeled about in a recumbent position. This poor young victim of a chronic disease was the only fellow-sufferer in whom the Baron took an interest.

It was not till the first week of July that he was considered seasoned enough to bear the brunt of a more heroic phase of the system. To the wet bandages and sheets was now added an alternatively cold and lukewarm douche at six in the morning, the power of which was gradually raised, then a good deal of friction, followed by a rest in bed. Late in the afternoon, ablutions and rubbing again. Three weeks of this regimen considerably reinvigorated him, his appetite grew keener, his sleep longer and quieter, and . . . was it a delusion, or was it a reality? It seemed to him as if his hands were no longer so benumbed as heretofore. He observed himself closely and incessantly, watched and compared the state of his hands day by day, nay, hour by hour, with what anxiety God only knows — at last he could no longer be blind to the fact that they were improving.

"Look here," said he one day to Carlino, "a fortnight ago I could not close my fist, and now you see I can nearly do so."

"The Lord be thanked!" cried Carlino; "have I not told Monsieur a thousand times that he would get better?" and forgetting for a moment, in the excitement of his joy, all respect for his master, Carlino cut a caper, which did as much honour to

the elasticity of his legs as to the goodness of his heart.

"If I do get better," said the Baron with something glistening in his eyes, "it will be to you, after God, that I shall owe it."

Carlino said nothing in answer, for, addicted as he was to the melting mood, to articulate a word just then, and to give way, would have been one and the same thing, but the sudden glow over his features, and his glance of affection towards his master, said clearly enough how such an assurance had rejoiced his soul.

Carlino seized this occasion to fulfil a promise he had made to Mademoiselle Victorine, viz., to write to her. He had not done so before, for the excellent reason that he had had nothing agreeable to impart. But having now pleasant news, which he knew would rejoice his correspondent, he sat down at his master's desk, now given over to him in his character of secretary, and spent one of the hours of the Baron's siesta, following the morning douche, in telling Mademoiselle Victorine about the journey, his own impressions of the establishment, and specially giving an account of his master's health. The two hours of the Baron's siesta were Carlino's only leisure time, that is to say, the only part of the day in which he was not actually employed about the Baron's person. For as to going out alone, or losing sight of the invalid only for ten minutes, there was no question of it. Even during the douche and other manipulations, Carlino was always present. The care of the apartment and the waiting on his master at meal-times also devolved upon him exclusively.

Well, the letter had been gone ten days, and yet no answer. This rather disturbed Carlino, who knew what a capital pen-woman Mademoiselle Victorine was, and how much time she unluckily had at her disposal during the small hours of the night. The answer came at last, and told a sad tale. Mademoiselle Victorine was no longer with the Marquise, and no longer in the Rue Madame, but in the passage Tivoli, where Carlino's letter had at last reached her. Her mistress had discharged her five weeks ago, refusing to give her a good character, and thus frustrating all her efforts to procure a new situation. She was now living with her mother in the passage Tivoli, a very poor and low neighbourhood, and in great distress about her old and infirm parent, for whom she had no longer the means of procuring little comforts.

This letter kept Carlino from sleeping; he spent the whole night in trying to devise some means of helping his friend, until by

dint of thinking, he at last hit upon a scheme, which would extricate her from her sad situation. Accordingly, the first thing he said to his master the next morning, was, "I have a letter from Mademoiselle Victorine, and I am sorry to say it brings very sad news."

"Who is Mademoiselle Victorine?" asked the Baron.

"The *femme de chambre* of the Marquise," explained Carlino.

"Some young and handsome girl, that you patronize, you rogue!" laughed the Baron, who was in the best of humours.

"Neither young nor handsome," retorted Carlino, "simply a worthy creature most shamefully treated;" and in a few but feeling words he told his master Mademoiselle Victorine's pitiful story, and then read him her letter.

"I don't see anything we can do for her," said the Baron, "but send her some money."

"I think Monsieur might help her in a permanent way. When we go back to Paris, Monsieur will want a cook" (the Baron before quitting home had dismissed the termagant who reigned in his kitchen, and left the apartment to the care of the *concierge*): "why should not Monsieur engage Mademoiselle Victorine as cook?"

"Why, my good fellow, because your friend is a *femme de chambre*, and I shall require a cook."

"But I know that she can cook tolerably well, and what she does not know she can learn while we are here. Then I can cook, and can assure Monsieur that between us, Monsieur shall not starve for want of good meals. Besides, Mademoiselle Victorine is a capital needlewoman, and can look after Monsieur's linen;" and as a clincher, Carlino wound up his peroration with, "she is so good and so miserable!"

The Baron allowed himself to be persuaded, and by the post of the same day, Carlino had the satisfaction of informing Victorine of the scheme he had contrived for her, and of its full success with his master. "After all," he wrote in conclusion, "the condition of a cook is as honourable as that of a lady's maid, or rather, as my former master used to say, all conditions are alike honourable when honourably discharged. So I hope you will have no objection to our cooking in partnership for our master." Then he added in a P. S., "Here enclosed are two bank-notes for a hundred francs each: consider them as an advance on your wages, which will help you to keep your mother comfortable for the present, and also to pay for some lessons in cooking." The wording of this P. S., so as

to leave it doubtful who sent the money, had cost Carlino much time and contention of mind, but nevertheless his finesse was yet to turn against himself.

The answer to this epistle was not long in coming this time, and we may trust the reader for guessing the tenor of its contents. Only it did not come alone, but with a letter of thanks addressed directly to the Baron, in which much gratitude was expressed for the two hundred francs he had so kindly advanced. Victorine had taken it for granted, from the largeness of the sum, that it must come from the Baron.

"And so," said the Baron, "you sent your *protégée* two hundred francs?"

Carlino, taken unawares, reddened as though he had been caught with his hand in his master's pocket, and answered, "Yes, sir."

"It was scarcely a fair proceeding," resumed the Baron, "especially as the first notion of sending her money came from me. And then why does she plague me with her thanks?"

"I suppose I did not make it clear who sent the money," said Carlino; "nay, to tell the truth, I know I did not."

"And why, pray?" asked the Baron.

"I was afraid Mademoiselle Victorine would refuse the money if she knew it came from me. . . ."

"And so I broadly intimated that it came from my master," said the Baron, finishing the sentence for Carlino.

"No, I hinted nothing of the kind," protested Carlino. "I only told Mademoiselle Victorine to consider the money as an advance of her wages."

"Which was tantamount to saying," retorted the Baron, "that it came from the giver of the wages, that is, from me. I see you are not the fellow-countryman of Macchiavelli for nothing, but your macchiavellism shall not avail you much this time. Since I am to have the benefit of this good action, I mean Mademoiselle Victorine's thanks, it is only just and right that I should deserve them."

And so Carlino's scheme was defeated, and he had to take back his two hundred francs. After all it is not probable that his macchiavellism lowered him much in his master's estimation.

It was now the middle of August, and the heat tremendous, but far from being incommoded by it, Baron Gaston rather enjoyed it. One night, let us premise that he had never gone to bed in a more hopeful frame of mind, forming all sorts of plans for the future, devising alterations in the castle, in one word talking like one who has an in-

definite lease of life; well, one night Carlino was scared out of his sleep by a great cry from his master. Carlino slept on a camp-bed in the dining-room, close to the door of the Baron's bed-room, with the door open between the two rooms. In a twinkling he had lighted a candle, and was by his master's bedside. "What is the matter, Monsieur?"

"The thunder, haven't you heard the thunder? It burst right over my bed—see if the coverlid is not on fire." He looked aghast as he spoke, and his hair stood on end with terror.

"There is not the least trace of fire," said Carlino after examining the bed-clothes; "I have heard no noise whatever;" and then opening a window he added, "The stars are shining bright, not a cloud in the sky. You must have been dreaming, sir."

"It was no dream, I can tell you; I saw as plainly as I see you a ball of fire rush along and fall on my bed, I heard the crash, I felt the shock."

Carlino did not choose to dispute the point further, and applied himself instead to soothe his master's agitation, in which he so far succeeded that the Baron again dropped asleep, when Carlino crept cautiously back to his own bed.

Apprised in the morning of the incident of the night, the doctor paid the Baron an early visit, questioning him minutely, and wearing a graver face than was warranted by the relation of a dream. The Baron complained of a very strange feeling of anxiety, as though something was about to happen to him, with besides painful twitches and twinges all through his body, even in those parts which had long lost all sensibility. The doctor advised him not to get up, and forbade the douches, at least for the present. A more unwelcome order could not have fallen on the Baron's ear; to interrupt the water-cure was to take from him his last anchor of hope. "The air is full of electricity," said the doctor, "a storm is impending, and I do not at all wonder in the over-sensitive state of your nerves they should have given you warning, some hours beforehand, of what is coming." In fact, huge white clouds were rising up from behind the mountains, and that ominous stillness pervaded the air which is the forerunner of some great convulsion of nature.

From the kind of symptoms complained of by his master, Carlino dreaded that he was about to have one of his fits of excruciating pain. Nor had he long to remain in suspense. A short time after the doctor's visit the attack came on, bearable for

the first two hours, ending in a torture of unprecedented violence. The pain, vague and general at first, or only momentarily circumscribed and shifting its place, ended as usual by localizing itself in a very small compass, not above the size of half-a-crown, and then the agony of agonies ensued. It was fearful to hear the poor sufferer's cries, fearful to see him writhe and twist and bound from his couch, like an adder trod upon. No sedatives were of any avail, the utmost devotion could bring no relief. Such was the intensity of the spasm that he could not bear to be spoken to, nor even endure that Carlino should approach his bed, but by insensible degrees and with the gentlest circumspection. Carlino, who had never seen him half so bad, and who felt he could do him no good, had no other resource but that of tears. The violence of the attack only began to abate towards five o'clock in the afternoon—it had lasted seven hours. By six it was entirely over, its disappearance coinciding with the bursting forth at last of the long-threatening storm. An appalling one it was, the sky a continuous sheet of fire, thunder-clap succeeding thunder-clap without intermission, and accompanied by floods of rain. Carlino sat up all night by his master's bedside, who was so exhausted as scarcely to be able to ask for a sip of water. Towards morning he had some hours of broken sleep.

From that terrible day might be dated a rapid and continual regression for our patient; not only did he lose in less than a week all that he had gained in ten,—renewed strength, better appetite, sounder sleep, &c.,—but in many points he was now far worse than when he came. His strength, for instance, had considerably declined, and the condition of his hands and arms was decidedly impaired from what it was at Paris, and was impairing every day. The doctor persisted in his veto, nay, gave it clearly to be understood that he should not authorize the resumption of the water-cure short of certain contingencies, which were not likely to arise.

Carlino one morning found his master in tears, bitter, desolate tears. "I weep over my last poor illusion," said the Baron, as soon as the paroxysm allowed him to speak. "You remember my showing you my hands not six weeks ago, and my triumph at being almost able to close my fist? Look at them now—they are straight open, and no effort of my will can so much as bend the first joint of even my little finger, motion and sense of touch alike gone, wooden hands and arms. All is dead in me but my head; it would be a real mercy to strike it off, and

be done with it. If you loved me wisely you would put an end to me, Carlino." And, seeing poor Carlino's consternation, he added, "Oh! if you could understand all my misery! But you cannot; oh! why was I born? why was I born?"

For the two or three next days he scarcely spoke, or even raised his eyes. They were riveted on the ground, he seemed lost in a brown study. All Carlino's ingenious devices to draw him out of his gloomy reflections, to find some interest or diversion, were unavailing. "Thank you for your good intentions," he would say, "but I have sunk so low that even your affection, your great and noble affection, finds no responsive chord in my heart. Leave me quiet. I am solving a great problem."

He said one evening, rousing himself from a long reverie, "Carlino, take me back to Paris, render me this last service."

"Why does Monsieur say *last*?" asked Carlino, with some uneasiness.

"Never do you mind why," replied the Baron. "Invalids past hope are apt to have presentiments, or fancies, if you like that better. Take me back to Paris."

"It is for Monsieur to order, and for me to obey," said Carlino; "but Monsieur will allow me to say that he will find the apartment in the Rue Madame very close and dingy in comparison with these gay rooms, this beautiful view, and this fine air."

The Baron was sitting by the open window, Carlino by his side. It was a calm September evening, all round passing lovely to look upon. There was that mellowness of tints, the despair of painters, peculiar to the season. Autumn had begun its luxuriant patchwork of gold and purple on mountain and vale. The redbreast chased from the heights by the chilly nights had grown domestic, and uttered its silvery chirp near the house. The Baron contemplated the landscape with a look of scorn, and exclaimed, "I loathe this feast of nature; to me, for whom hope does not

colour it, all this beauty is a mockery and an insult. Let us go to Paris. My dingy rooms in the Rue Madame will be a fitter preparation for another abode far more dingy and cold and narrow."

Carlino made a last effort. Convinced that if his master were allowed to resume his water-cure he would remain at Divonne, and his hopes again revive, Carlino went to the doctor, and besought him, if the thing were possible, besought him with tears, to recall his veto, or at least fix a period, not too far off, for its withdrawal. But his prayers were of no avail. The doctor pleaded his responsibility, and was immovable.

So there was nothing for it but to pack and go. They went. Of what use to describe that journey? It was as trying and cumbrous, and fraught with as many difficulties as had been that from Paris to Geneva. Only this time the Baron seemed to be little or not at all discomposed by that exposure to the public gaze, which he had felt so keenly on the previous occasion. It might be that he was too much absorbed to take much notice of the gaping crowd, or that he looked down upon them from the height of one of those resolutions in the face of which everything below seems small and insignificant.

They were received in the Rue Madame by Victorine, who, telegraphed to in time by Carlino, had taken possession of the apartment during the last forty-eight hours, had put it in order, lighted the fires, and prepared everything necessary for the travellers. Her new master hardly noticed her, and she with much discretion kept in the background. Indeed, the Baron's fatigue and exhaustion were so great, that he went immediately to bed, had a potage and two new laid eggs, and then said he would try to sleep. Carlino went to his bedside twenty times at least during the night, and always found him sleeping soundly.

THE economic and sanitary results obtained from the experimental sewage farm at Madras seem to be eminently satisfactory. The field chosen for the operations was an old swamp with a stiff clay subsoil, about the most unfavourable that could be selected for the purpose. The surface was levelled and protected from floods, and over an area of about two acres the sewage of the Perambore barracks and an adjacent village was conducted and distributed by means of an

open earthenware conduit. The offensive smell is very soon lost, and the yield of grass and vegetables is wonderful. Guinea grass was produced at the rate of 88 tons of fresh grass, or 29 tons of hay per acre, and native vegetables grow most luxuriantly. The sanitary condition of the district has also been greatly improved, and the success of the system has been so marked that it has already been extended to two other districts of the city.



From The Spectator.  
THE EMPEROR'S LETTER.

THE Emperor of the French has accepted Constitutional Government. After his letter of the 21st inst., addressed to M. Ollivier, it is impossible for him to interfere again with the Parliamentary régime, except by an avowed *coup d'état*. The importance of this letter can scarcely be exaggerated, though it appears in this country almost to have escaped attention. Up to the date of its signature, Parliamentary government in France, although no doubt established and recognized, existed in fact only upon sufferance. The Emperor had at any moment the right to propose a *Senatus-Consultum*, which, if accepted by the Senate, might modify the Constitution in any direction he pleased. It was open to him, for example, to forbid Ministers to sit in the Chamber, or to declare them responsible only to himself, or to limit discussion, or to withdraw the right of interpellation, or even, to put the most extreme case, to invest himself with Legislative power whenever the Chamber was not sitting. The Emperor, in fact, was, whenever supported by a Senate nominated and paid by himself and selected from among his warmest partizans, the real constituent power. That he would exercise this authority was, of course, improbable; but the fact that he could exercise it, that a letter of ten lines from him might break up Parliamentary administration, encouraged every adversary of that régime. M. Rouher was always intriguing, the majority in the Senate was always hoping, the courtiers were always whispering, there was an impression everywhere that the Sovereign might like to have his hand forced, that Parliament bored him with its chatter, and that he might be induced, if not to initiate, at least to accept a movement of reaction. This impression was deepened by the conduct of several Senators, who threatened to forbid the Legislative Body to alter the mode of appointing Mayors, on the ground that this involved a constitutional change, and that the Senators were the guardians of the Constitution, and seriously embarrassed the Administration, more especially in domestic affairs. The Ministry was beginning to seem weak, always a dangerous attitude in France, when the Emperor, whether pressed by his Cabinet or of his own mere motion, intervened with his usual decision. He resigned with amazing frankness and completeness all that remained to him of his Dictatorship. "Lay before me," he wrote to M. Ollivier, "a *Senatus-Consultum* which shall firmly fix the fundamental dispositions derived from the *plébiscite* of 1852,

and which shall divide the Legislative Power between the two Chambers, and restore to the nation that portion of constituent power which it had delegated to me." His motive is explained as clearly as his act. The Constitution of 1852 "had, above all things, to provide the Government with the means of establishing authority and order," but "now that successive changes have gradually created a constitutional system in harmony with the bases laid down in the *plébiscite*, it is important to replace all that refers to the preservation of legislative order within the domain of law." The Senate, therefore, "that grand body which contains so many brilliant men," is invited, that is, ordered, to lend an efficacious concurrence to the new order of things, and the Empire is finally transmitted into a parliamentary monarchy. The Emperor resigns his constituent power; the Senate becomes a House of Life Peers; and the Legislative Body is at last authorized, not only to discuss, but, with the co-operation of the Senate, to change the Constitution. If the *Senatus-Consultum* fulfils this programme Parliament will be as absolute as in England, and the régime which the Emperor has so scorned and derided for eighteen years, which he has been believed to consider worse than either Republicanism or autocracy, is re-established upon the ruins of the personal power. Of course it is open still to Louis Napoleon to strike a *coup d'état*, but so it is to any Sovereign in Europe, Queen Victoria included, and the right of demanding a *plébiscite* is not formally surrendered, but without a *coup d'état* it would be nearly impossible to exercise it, for the grand spring of French Administration when not under military coercion, the Ministry of the Interior, is in the hands of the Constitutionalists.

There will of course be much discussion as to the motives of the Emperor in making a concession so vast and so unexpected. It will be said that he was coerced, that he is giving his Ministers rope, that he has thought out some subtle and it may be treacherous design. We distrust all these explanations, which are at best deductions from the past history of a man whose mind is still an enigma. Napoleon was under no new coercion. While he was loyal to his Ministers they could hardly have resigned without putting themselves visibly in the wrong, and till they resigned he could have allowed the Constitution to remain intact. As for giving his Ministers rope, while he allowed them to do as they would they had rope enough; while as to the secret plan, it must be a plan for regaining power, and

to part with prerogatives which legalized almost any exertion of authority is a strange road by which to seek a Dictatorship for the second time. Our own impression is that the Emperor is honest; that he has been for twelve months in contact with Parliamentary government; and that he has found it much less hard to endure than he expected. It can do things, can pass laws, can control the departments, can, above and before all, maintain order in Paris. It will work, and a *régime* which will work without crushing him in its working seems to the Emperor a fair *régime*. Ambition, in the ordinary sense, the desire of power as power, can, it must be remembered, have little influence over Napoleon. He has had it all in full measure for eighteen years, and has not enjoyed it much. Over and over again he has drunk of that maddening draught for which all strong men occasionally thirst, power so perfect that, as in the East and Russia, volition becomes executive. He has never, it is true, been able to give sentence of death by a wave of his hand; but an order to the Police has sufficed to send a foe to Cayenne. He has never made a war by ringing a bell; but his single order, in the very teeth of public opinion, hurled France upon Austria and freed the Italian people. He has drunk the cup of power to the dregs, as he has the cup of luxury, and now, sated and weary and over-experienced, he feels that if his life may but be easy and dignified, he has no wish to take up that burden again. Governing France is not such a luxury that a man who has tried it, has succeeded in it, but is conscious that he is not beyond the possibility of failure, whose self-confidence in fact has been seriously shaken, should plot to regain the power which he is even now abandoning. What the Emperor might do to save his throne is another question; but his throne for the moment is safe, and with the throne he is content. He has little work, no responsibility, and an influence probably greater, if only from his hold over his own nominees, than that of any Minister in his own Cabinet. That is the kind of position old men love, and the Emperor, in experience at all events, if not in physique, is becoming old.

Whatever his motive, the ultimate and immediate effects of his letter on France can hardly be doubted. The restoration of the highest power, the power of modifying the Constitution, to the Legislative Body will, as we believe almost instantly, but certainly after the next dissolution, revive political life in France. It is once more open to any man who can induce a con-

stituency to hear him to become the ruler of France, the centre of all eyes, the source of all political movement. From the day when the *Senatus-Consultum* is signed, M. Ollivier becomes the virtual ruler of the Empire, ruler with power to alter the mould as well as superintend the casting, and M. Ollivier was a few years ago but an ordinary student. Any advance has become possible, and we shall once more see the intellect of France throwing itself with passion into political effort, swarming upon the two roads, journalism and oratory, which in Parliamentary France have always led to power. The full effect of the change will probably not be felt till the elections, — which are, we may remark *en passant*, again postponed by the necessity of working out the new decree, — for under the nominee system the Chamber is filled with local notabilities, people with large fortunes, few brains, and an ambition entirely social, people utterly unknown to France generally, and with an extraordinary proportion among them of semi-German names. It is not till a dissolution to be followed by an election without interference sets all ambition free, that we shall see the new men come up; but France has never failed to respond to a call of this kind, and even after a despotism of eighteen years, — a despotism, that is, which covers the entire manhood of every man under forty, they will yet come up in crowds. It is life which is revived in France by this letter. As to its immediate result, it will not only release the Ministry from a secret fetter which has hitherto impeded action, but compel them to act with a force which has hitherto been somewhat wanting to their career. The nation will look to them with undivided regard. Up to this time, although the Emperor has been to a wonderful degree withdrawn from the public eye — men occupying themselves with the Ministry, or even with individual Ministers, to an extent unknown since 1848 — the public has still always watched the Emperor as the ultimate depositary of power. He is so no longer. It is on the Cabinet that the policy of France will depend, from the Ministers that promotion will flow, in the Chamber and not in the Emperor's study that men will make themselves valuable or feared. The worst features of the Imperial *régime* — worst, we mean, as to its effect, not as to its motive — the suppression of individual genius until the only first-rate man admitted to the Tuileries was the Emperor himself, will come to an end, and France will again be full of those men whose brains, whatever their other defects, still seem so nearly to yield the ancient

object of scientific research, the universal solvent. Ministers thus invested with all responsibility must act or give place to others, and of others, as we have said, there is no lack. The Emperor's letter, whether he intends it or not, and we almost hope he does not, — the irony of fate would be so perfect, — will prove, as we believe, that "crowning of the edifice" which he has so often promised and so often feared to grant.

From The Economist.

WE doubt whether a reflective posterity may not find much more to interest it in the character of the remarkable man who now sits on the throne of France than even in that of his more sudden and brilliant and meteoric uncle. To us at all events there seems to be something much more rare and unique in the slow pondering intellect which has so curiously studied and so perseveringly measured, — almost as it were by the successive tentative instalments and gradual approximations of some mathematical formula, — the political wants and needs of France, than in that of the far swifter and more self-willed genius which flashed with an irregular lustre over Europe and fell through the excess of the very qualities by virtue of which it rose. Louis Napoleon has now been the first man in France for a far longer period than his uncle ever was. Reckoning from the date of his first Consulship, the whole of the first Napoleon's career lasted but sixteen years; and reckoning even from the date of his first public success, his military suppression of the revolution in 1795, his career lasted exactly twenty years, one year less than his nephew's has already endured. The triumphs and the collapse of genius such as his, though they make an exciting story, do not to our minds furnish one half so singular and unexampled in history as that of the present Emperor's plodding, painstaking, uphill, intellectual efforts to gauge and adapt himself to both the superficial tastes and permanent demands of the French people, to win them by theatric glitter, to conquer them by a profoundly-meditated display of force far from congenial to his own nature, to rule them by satisfying deliberately both their longing for quiet and prosperity and their desire for a showy international position, to measure surely the returning thirst for freedom, to ladle out in anxiously considered portions just enough and no more than enough at a time to avert

any hurricane of popular wrath, to keep the drag fairly on the spirit of revolution as it rolled on its irresistible course to popular liberty, and at last to consummate the whole strange history by the concession of last Monday which virtually gives back, and with the air of spontaneous though half tardy and reluctant generosity, to the people the arbitrary power which he had persuaded the people eighteen years ago to confer upon him. What strikes us as so unique in all this history is its evidently purely intellectual and reflective source. All the Emperor's great strokes, — many of which, like his earliest attempts on the French people, have been failures, failures frankly admitted, and as soon as possible rectified, — have been long prepared for, approached by careful parallels and calculated approximations, and though delivered with an authoritative air at last, yet quite without any of the divination of genius, nay, with a very marked air of design long resolved upon, and even at the last almost hesitatingly matured. It would seem as if he understood French feeling itself far less by sympathy with it, than by deep meditation on its phenomena. It is precisely this slow and patient intellectual assimilation of the political symptoms of France which has enabled him to survive so many errors, to descend with dignity where another would have fallen with disgrace, and to give back bit by bit with at least apparent disinterestedness, generosity, and something of a grand consistency, the power which he had always claimed to wield only as a trust from the people, the gift of which the people had themselves ratified.

Now for the last four years, compelled partly by the failure of his foreign policy, partly by the stimulus which the growth of popular power and freedom in neighbouring States has given to the desire for it in France, the Emperor has been constantly, though very slowly, and apparently very reluctantly, modifying the Constitution in this direction, till at last he has accustomed France so completely to the habit of expecting voluntary Imperial concessions, that there is no shock to his dignity in that final surrender of personal power accorded in Monday's letter. For ten years, though much more rapidly in the last four, he has been steadily descending from the height of personal Government on which he once stood, and, as it would seem, the descent has been accomplished, as the result of deliberate conviction, of intellectual necessity, slowly engendered in his mind, and often coldly and almost clumsily expressed. Probably no great ruler, so little scrupulous

as Louis Napoleon certainly is, ever so deliberately and inexorably give judgment as it were *against* himself. Did ever any man before, who had succeeded so well in accumulating power, succeed so well in surrendering it again? Did ever before a vaulting ambition show as cold a sagacity in leaping down from a height as in scaling it? Does not the present Emperor of the Frer ch stand alone amongst rulers who have made their own fortunes, in having given up power, inch by inch, not because he was sick of it, not because it was absolutely wrenched from him, but both against his will and willingly, with conspicuous reluctance as far as his own disposition was concerned, and yet with equally conspicuous determination to forestall necessity and anticipate rather than surrender to popular demands?

It is to us astonishing how little attention has been bestowed in England on this last announcement of the Emperor that the representative power which the *plébiscite* of 1852 conferred upon him, is to be returned to the people, and exercised for the future by the Legislative Assembly and the Senate, — he himself ruling as a purely constitutional monarch, — i.e. not ruling at all except so far as he can influence the minds of his responsible ministers. It is true of course that the Senate, which is nominated by the Emperor, will continue to represent his views, and may now and then exercise some little influence, when the popular and elective Assembly is undecided, in furthering his wishes. But in point of fact the concession of full co-ordinate legislative authority to the Assembly, is equivalent to the utter subordination of the Senate which can never exercise even so much power as our own House of Lords. The Assembly which chooses and supports the Ministry, by whose vote the Ministers live or die, must, now that it is to resume the right of an initiative in legislation, become, like our own House of Commons, the whole State. The Emperor knows perfectly well that in conceding it full legislative powers, he is conceding it all but exclusive legislative powers. The Senate has no prestige in France such as our House of Lords has in England. If it opposes the will of the nation it will be understood in France that it is as the nominees of the Crown, and not as a Senator, that its members dare to throw themselves into the breach. Therefore, unless the Emperor intends to court a collision with his people, such as he has uni-

formly avoided, he will never allow the Senate to disappoint any hopes of France, clearly and strongly expressed in the popular Chamber. The Senate can no longer be anything more now than a mere reviving Assembly, at least as regards all great measures. The power which the Emperor resigns nominally to the two Chambers he really resigns wholly to one.

The only conceivable restriction on the Emperor's surrender of power is that he may not even now be prepared to sanction any speedy dissolution of the present Chamber of Deputies, which is known to be far more favourable to personal government and far more opposed to the development of freedom than any new assembly, elected under the new *régime*, probably would be. The Emperor knows that the Deputies are by no means eager to face their constituents, and he may possibly count even on the reluctance of M. Ollivier and his colleagues to hasten an event which might well put a term to their own power. Of course he still retains the power of dissolving in his own hands; and though after his complete adoption of the advice of his Ministers he could hardly afford to refuse to act in the matter on their advice, he may have very good reasons to know that their advice will not willingly be tendered in favour of dissolution. But now that events have gone so far as they have done, this is after all a rather small matter. Ministers may be very reluctant to dissolve, as reluctant as they please, — but if France is bent on electing a new Parliament, and makes her wishes distinctly heard, they will have no real choice in the matter. They could stave it off a few months beyond the time at which the country would desire to have it; but no constitutional Ministry retaining power by favour of the people can afford to lose all favour through a cynical display of distrust. While the legislative body was really far from supreme, a part of the odium of delay might have been thrown on the throne and the Senate. Now all France will know that the Ministers have the power to go back to the country for an expression of its wishes as soon as they choose to do so. That implies, we take it, a pretty early dissolution. The march of events cannot be long delayed. The power which the Emperor did not venture to keep in his own hands cannot long be monopolized by the nominee of an unpopular assembly against the will of the country at large.

From The Spectator.  
THE RELATIVE MAGNITUDE OF POETS.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, a critic of some cleverness who has expressed in unmeasured terms a profound contempt for the present writer, terming him "an ignorant and presumptuous scribbler, wholly unentitled to give an opinion on poetry at all," — has just published a book,\* the object of which appears to be to demonstrate that there neither are nor can be any stars of the first magnitude in the sky of modern poetry, — a rash thesis, which appears to commit its author to shut his eyes even if any that should seem to him great should suddenly flash upon us. As he gives for this asserted incapacity the most inconsistent and mutually destructive reasons, we do not care to follow him far into this hazardous region of speculation. But as it will help to illustrate the subject we want to discuss, — whether or not we have the materials for classifying the relative magnitude of poets with the slightest success, — we will mention a few of them. One of them is, that this is not an age of action. "We may say of great poetry," says Mr. Austin, "what Demosthenes said of great oratory, that the soul of it is, — action, action, action. The 'Iliad' is all action, so almost all is the 'Æneid.'" The poetry of the "Æneid" due to its action! Mr. Austin might almost as well assert the same of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, or the "Excursion" of Wordsworth. Dr. Newman knows Virgil better than Mr. Austin, and he incidentally touches the secret of his charm in one or two fine lines of his new book, which might almost have referred to some poet of our own day, when he speaks of the endearing and enduring elements of Virgil's poetry as his single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines giving utterance to the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the expression of her children in every time." Mr. Austin will hardly gain the critical reputation of which he is evidently ambitious, if he dashes off a criticism of the "Æneid," as a stirring poem of the "Iliad" sort, in order to sustain a theory which has hardly a plausible side to it. Mr. Austin puts Wordsworth very high, — and it does him credit that he does so, — among the poets of the last generation. Was he a poet of action? Were the lines on "Tintern Abbey," or the lines on "Lucy," or those on "The Solitary Reaper," or those even on "the good Lord

Clifford," poems of action? We may safely say of Wordsworth that it was his greatest distinction as a poet to brood so well, as hardly ever to know what action, except in the way of brooding, meant. It would have been very hard, we should have thought, to find much action even in the finest poems of Milton. How much is there in Satan's address to Light, or in "Il Penseroso"? Are Shakespeare's sonnets, some of the most perfect and exquisite, though not of course the greatest of his poems, poems of action? Were Shelley's poems, — was "Alastor" or the lines "In the Euganean Hills," or "The Skylark," or "Julian and Maddalo," or "Adonais," full of action? We fear that if the only excuse for what Mr. Austin thinks the degeneracy of modern poetry is the deficiency of the present age in action, — is it thus deficient, by the way? was the Crimean war, or the American war, or the Sepoy war in India, so very deficient in action? — the history of poetry shows it to be a very bad excuse indeed. But Mr. Austin has another reason, which he evidently thinks a still better one, why the age can't produce great poets. It is an age of divided counsels; and M. Comte has said, with that superficial brilliancy which has earned him at once so much admiration and so much contempt, "that art, in its highest and most satisfactory form, cannot possibly be expected from an epoch and a people whose best and most vivid intellects are not substantially agreed." And Mr. Austin parades the intellectual distraction of the age, especially on theology and the aim of life, at great length, in order to fortify himself in his own satisfied conclusion that there are not and cannot be great poets in such a time. He even urges expressly that when theology or scepticism, or, as we may say, atheology, enters into the substance of the poet's thought, he is off his proper beat, and his poem cannot be in any true sense a great one. Well, in the face of the Book of Job and the Psalms, and the many wonderful poems of Isaiah, which, whatever they are more than poems, are certainly poems in the highest sense of the term, — to say nothing of the many grand Latin hymns, — that is a rather absurd assertion. But not to dwell on this somewhat parenthetical, and we think we may say demonstrably false canon of Mr. Austin's, but to keep purely to his more deliberate Comtist principle that the highest art cannot be expected from "an epoch and a people whose best and most vivid intellects are not substantially agreed," how are we to interpret this canon of Mr. Austin's own favourite poets,

\* *The Poetry of the Period.* By Alfred Austin. London: Bentley. 1870.



the standards by which he measures our puny modern lights? Were Byron and Shelley substantially agreed either with each other or the most vivid intellects of their age, — with Scott, with Wordsworth, with Coleridge, with Keats, on any conceivable subject that stirred the vividest thought of that vivid time? Did Wordsworth go up into the mountains because the most vivid intellects of the age, — Lord Jeffrey's, for instance, — urged him on to his poetic work, or because he wished to separate himself from the world, and give his heart to enjoy "the lonely rapture of lonely minds"? Nay, so far is M. Comte's canon from accounting for the highest successes in poetry, that we doubt if there is a single great poet in the whole history of the world who can be shown to have had his intellect vivified by the intellectual sympathy and support of the most vivid minds of his contemporaries. From Æschylus's grand picture of the perfect loneliness of Prometheus to Wordsworth's mountain musings and Shelley's solitary wails, — (we do not come nearer to our own day because Mr. Austin denies that we have any great poet amongst us now), — it is hard to find a single great poet who did not write in an age of deep intellectual questioning and severe intellectual collisions. Was the age of Elizabeth, when Roman Catholicism was fighting its great battle with Lutheranism and Calvinism, and when the new philosophy of Bacon was fighting its great battle with the old scholastic system, a day when "the most vivid intellects were substantially agreed"? Was Horace, was Lucretius, was Dante, was Goethe, or Schiller, the poet of an age when "the most vivid intellects were substantially agreed"? To our minds, it would be far more plausible to say that almost every great poet has arisen under the stimulus of some great wave of change which has kindled high hopes and stormy passions, and so set "the most vivid intellects" at hopeless variance. It was certainly under the stimulus of such influences that the great Attic poets, the great mediæval poets, the great Elizabethan poets, and the great poets who were contemporary with the French Revolution, wrote. Wordsworth has described, in a poem which ought to have the more weight that he himself was the very opposite of a poet of action, the kindling effect of the French Revolution upon his imagination, and how its failure drove him into the wilderness to seek the calm of healing meditations. Action is not of the essence of poetry, — as far as possible from the essence of much of the very highest poetry, — but great events, great

undulations of feeling, great hopes, while they almost invariably drive the most vivid intellects of the time far as the poles asunder instead of uniting them, do undoubtedly develop the conditions under which genius works with the greatest fire.

And this leads us naturally to the question we proposed to discuss, as to the materials we may have for estimating the relative magnitude of the great poetic stars, — which we take to be in any case one of the least satisfactory and most absolutely conjectural tasks to which any sane critic can set himself. Even with regard to the material stars, astronomers have done nothing that is more questionable and more probably erroneous than the classification of them into stars of various degrees of magnitude. One of the ablest of our modern astronomers has shown how likely it is that all the work of this kind which has been done will have to be done over again on very different principles. But the attempt, we think, rashly and unwisely made by Mr. Austin, is infinitely more hazardous. All our estimates of poets depend on a full capacity for sympathy with their poetical aims and for insight into their poetical world. Directly we catch ourselves ridiculing and depreciating poetry which has made a profound impression on minds clearly broader, or deeper, or even fuller of minor chords than our own, we may be quite sure that for estimating the relative magnitude of *that* poetic star in the firmament, we are utterly incompetent. Of specific faults and deficiencies in a poet whose full power we feel, we may judge. But of the relative worth of poetry which evidently has an infinitely higher attraction for other, and equally impressive, or more impressive, intellects than it has for us, we cannot possibly be respectable judges. That such a critic as Mr. Alfred Austin, — clever as he often is, — should erect himself into a common measure of these great incommensurables, strikes us with wonder at the audacity of what Mr. Disraeli calls "superior persons." It is not the great poets who depreciate the less, but the hard critics. To any mind of true poetic sympathy each poet in turn will seem the highest while it is immersed in his influence, and the attempt to grade genius of orders so different will seem almost like the attempt to compare the relative claims of heat and light, or to determine which of the colours of the rainbow is intrinsically the most beautiful. Think how Shelley wrote of poets, some of whom Mr. Austin would probably hardly recognize as poets at all, when describing the entrance of Keats among the immortals: —

"The inheritors of unfulfilled renown  
Rose from their thrones built beyond mortal  
thought

Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton  
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not  
Yet faded from him; Sidney as he fought  
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,  
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,  
Arose; and Lucan by his death approved;  
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing re-  
proved.

"And many more whose names on earth are  
dark,

But whose transmitted effluence cannot die  
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,  
Rose robed in dazzling immortality.  
'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry,  
'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long  
Swung blind in unascended majesty,  
Silent alone amid a Heaven of song.  
Assume thy winged throne, thou vespers of our  
throng.'"

No doubt you might compare poets under one head or another,—under the head of vital force, for instance,—the volume of mental shock, so to speak, which any one poet is capable of delivering,—a classification under which Byron might probably stand even above Shakespeare, and certainly above every other poet known to us. Or you might compare them under the head of variety and breadth of range, a head under which Byron would come comparatively low, and Shakespeare, of course, would be beyond the highest of all other poets, Goethe possibly standing second. Or you might compare them under the head of what we ordinarily call poetic inspiration, that is, in relation to the evidence of the rapid, spontaneous, and unlaboured flow of lyrical feeling, a classification which would put Shelley, perhaps, at the very head of the list, at least of English poets, and Keats not far off him; or you might compare them under the head of painting-power, a classification which would probably put Tennyson second to none but Shakespeare, alike in the grandeur and the realistic force of his painting; or you might compare them under the head of meditative rapture, a classification which would put Wordsworth far above all poets known to the present writer, and give no mean place to Buchanan and David Gray; or you might compare them for their imaginative treatment of the intellectual life, under which head Browning and Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold and Clough and Dr. Newman, would all of them probably stand above some of the greatest masters of the drama and song. Or again, you might compare them as epigrammatists and satirists, under

which head Dryden and Pope would probably rise above any English poets, ancient or modern. All these are mere illustrations, and very imperfect illustrations, of the innumerable heads under which poets may be compared; but they are meant merely to show the folly of trying to class poets in absolute ranks at all. There is no difficulty in determining that Shakespeare far outshines in general volume of light and heat and life of all sorts, all poets known to us, but directly you descend to any lower level, it is by no means profitable, even if it is possible, to balance one sort of claim against another. The only conceivable common measure would be the mind of a poet as universal as that of Shakespeare himself. Perhaps if we could have him with us now and know his scale of value, we might concede that we had got something like a standard. But no narrower mind can possibly furnish one of the smallest worth. For men like Mr. Austin, who are conscious of a certain amount of talent and a still greater amount of grudge against the praises they hear of poets whom they deem no poets or small poets, to attempt it, seems to us almost silly. Many of his severest judgments are pure confessions of narrowness,—dark lines in the poetical spectrum crying out against the light. The very violent criticism passed upon this journal, for instance, to which we have alluded, was nominally grounded on the admiration we had expressed of Mr. Clough's wonderful poem on Easter Day,—a poem containing one of the most marvellous expressions of intellectual pain combined with true spiritual passion which Doubt ever drew from the human breast. We cannot convince Mr. Austin that this is a fine poem if he does not feel it, any more than we can convince a blind man that the sun is shining; but then he should try and rectify the pitiable narrowness of his judgment by taking a good opinion or two. Let him ask Mr. Arnold, for instance, what he thinks of it, and not cry out against a great poem because he personally has no taste for it. He gives a curious indication, by the way, of this pitiable narrowness in the very same context. To illustrate our ignorance and folly, he re-extracts and grossly garbles by omissions, *without any marks of omission*, the first part of an extract given by us from Mr. Clough,—not from any of Mr. Clough's finest poems, but from a very curious and characteristic one, which we extracted expressly rather as casting a light on his personal character than for its poetry;—then, he leaves out *all* the latter part of the extract, *all* which gave it meaning, mentions our

having called it a "remarkable soliloquy," and thereupon proceeds to apply to us the courteous epithets we have before mentioned. Now, we do not suppose Mr. Austin was consciously dishonest in garbling this extract (though asterisks are usual to indicate great elisions, especially when a man is somewhat vulgarly running down a poet, and running down his critics for admiring him), and in pitying us for thinking it was remarkable, after he had carefully left out all that we thought remarkable, and the reasons for which we thought so. We feel very little doubt that he did not see any difference between the grossly garbled and shortened extract and the complete one, and that his mind was incapable of seeing any such difference; but then we think that conduct of this sort does show that the man who is guilty of it is utterly blind to all the simplest conditions of true criticism. For such a man to attempt to assign the relative places of our modern English poets in the poetic scale, is like a man who is colour-blind proposing himself as a judge on the relative beauty of various colours. Still, if he serves to illustrate the intrinsic difficulty of his attempt, and to show the public how utterly incommensurable the merits of almost all great poets are, he will not have been clever and scoffing and narrow in vain.

From The Economist, Mar. 26.

#### THE GREAT FALL IN THE GOLD PREMIUM AT NEW YORK.

SOME of the Americans have said that it is the mission of their country to give the world lessons in a new political economy; but the truth is that it is their mission to give most wonderful and surprising illustrations of old political economy. The size of their country makes all phenomena so large that everybody can see them, and that everybody is interested about them. In the last six months there has been a rise of about 16 per cent. in the value of their inconvertible paper currency as compared with gold. So large and so quick a change is unexampled, so far as we know, in similar phenomena. What, then, is the cause of it?

It has been ascribed by some to the breaking down of the "gold ring" and the ruin of the gold exchange bank of New York. And no doubt for a time last autumn the effect of that wonderful speculation was greatly to raise the price of gold at New York. The gold speculators sent up the price in a few days from 135 to 160. But such violent causes soon expend their

energy. Their essence consists in securing for a moment, and by singular devices, the command of the entire supply on the market. But such a command can only with difficulty be obtained for a moment. Rare art is needful to gain it at all. But it never lasts over many months. The gold ring fell as soon as the Federal Government became a seller unexpectedly, and destroyed their monopoly of the supply. No clique of speculators wishing to raise the gold premium, or wishing to depress it, could ever command the supply of so costly an article for six months. Mr. Boutwell, too, the present Secretary of the Treasury, sells the gold in uncertain amounts, and this tends to hinder speculation, because the Government is the largest of all gold dealers, is always ready to counteract any artificial price by diminishing its sales if that price is too low, or by increasing its sales if that price is too high.

Again, the fall in the gold premium is ascribed to the diminished exportation of gold. And there is no doubt that the export of gold has largely diminished. We received in England from the United States:—

	£
In 1866 . . . . .	10,245,588
" 1867 . . . . .	6,498,006
" 1868 . . . . .	8,892,394
" 1869 . . . . .	2,988,433

And the New York *Financial Chronicle*, by far the best authority in American finance, gives the following table:—

#### EXPORTS OF GOLD TO ALL PARTS.

	\$
1866 . . . . .	86,000,000
1867 . . . . .	55,100,000
1868 . . . . .	83,700,000
1869 . . . . .	42,800,000

In part this is to be accounted for by a diminished production of gold. The high prices of corn diverted much labour in California from mining to agriculture, and the result is that the yield of gold has declined. There is an unusually fine test of this, for one of the innumerable taxes comprehended in the American "Internal revenue" was a tax of 1-2 per cent. on the assays of gold, and the produce of this tax fell from 488,000 dols in 1866 to 323,000 dols in 1868. In 1869 this tax was repealed, so that we cannot so accurately test the diminution farther. But the great diminution of the assay tax between 1866 and 1868 is conclusive for those years, as nearly every dealer gets his gold assayed as soon as he gets it in order that he may dispose of it for its true value. But to whatever extent this cause does not

operate — to whatever extent the diminished exportation has not been compensated by a diminished production — there must have been an additional supply of gold in the market at New York; and unless there has been a corresponding augmentation of the demand, the price of gold would fall. To some unknown extent there is an increase in the demand for gold yearly for the arts, and in Texas and some other distant parts of the Union where greenbacks have not reached and where gold is the sole current money, there is an augmentation of demand for currency purposes — especially when those districts are as now particularly prosperous. But still on the whole and after all these allowances, there must have been an accumulation of gold in America, and that accumulation must have tended to reduce its value as compared with the inconvertible paper currency.

But this cannot be the permanent cause of so large a reduction in the value of gold. The more gold falls in value because of the diminished exportations in the past the more gold will tend to be exported in the future. If all other commodities remained of the same value and gold fell 16 per cent., it is almost certain that gold would be one of the best articles to export. In the whole list of articles of export *some* would quite certainly not yield 16 per cent. on exportation, even if any did so, and gold would be substituted for those which yielded a less percentage. The profits made in the commerce of the precious metal are commonly smaller, because more certain, than in most other trades, and therefore in practice gold would probably be exported sooner than a theorist would from a mere inspection of price-lists expect that it would be. Gold is an unusually transferable article, which moves as soon as there is the least profit, not an article which waits to move till all other articles have gone before it.

In general it is true appreciations and depreciations of an inconvertible currency produce no effect on the export trade. But that is only because they are general. When they extend to all articles alike, they are no bounty on exporting any one article. But if they extend to any one — be it gold or be it tallow — they are sure to be bounties on its export, in case of the particular depreciation and bounties on its import, if the fact be that its value has individually appreciated. The real cause is different. The fall in the gold premium is not an isolated phenomenon, but part of a much larger phenomenon. Paper prices are falling generally in the United States; gold has fallen as measured in greenbacks, but other

things have fallen too. We give at the foot of this article a very careful table of prices six months ago and now, and the result is very remarkable.\* The table includes 121 articles, excluding the quotations in gold; in only 11 has there been an increase in value; in all other cases has there been a decrease. In the majority of cases the fall has been above 12 per cent., or not much less than the fall in the gold premium; and in 34 cases it has been over 16 per cent., or greater than that fall. We can see, therefore, why gold is not exported from New York, though its value has fallen so much, for the value of other articles fitted for export to Europe has fallen as much or more. What we have to explain is not a fall in the paper value of gold only, but a fall in the paper value of commodities taken generally.

But what is the cause of this general fall? To account for it we must consider carefully the exact case of America. We may describe it (subject to a correction which we shall give directly) as a country with an unaugmented paper currency, but with a largely augmented amount of business. The number of greenbacks issued by the Government is the same, but the uses of these greenbacks, the bargains for which they are wanted, the commodities which they have (as Americans say) to "move," have increased very rapidly. The South is now again beginning to be prosperous. The whole country, which at the end of the war was a desert, is now again in part thriving, not everywhere or with equal vigour, but still in most places to a considerable extent, and in some places to a remarkable extent. The same greenback currency which at the end of the war only circulated in and had to do only the work of the victorious country, now circulates in and must meet the needs of the defeated half too. The business of the South is new, and as it has to be transacted in the old money, there is a fresh demand for that money, and the value of it rises.

It may indeed be replied that the Government paper currency is not the only paper currency of the United States. That there is also a National Bank currency; but in the first place the amount of this is limited by law. In the next place, the value of it must be the same as that of greenbacks, for it is payable in greenbacks; and a fixed proportion of greenbacks must be held as a reserve against it by every issuing bank; and thirdly, the South never got its due proportion of this Bank currency. It was

\* THE LIVING AGE does not copy the long table referred to.

too poor to get it. This National Bank currency must be secured by a deposit of United States Bonds, and this is a considerable investment of capital. The South has not been able to pay down enough to obtain a due share in its circulation. A secured circulation necessarily is a heavy burden on a very poor country, though a very light burden on a rich country. The amount of National currency

	\$
Last year, on 9th October, was	299,578,000
Now is	290,657,000

— showing no real increase.

The case then is one of the most remarkable in economical history. Owing to the enormous increase in the amount of American business — an increase probably unprecedented when we consider both the *area* of business and the quantity of business — the same amount of paper currency is not as efficient as it was once; and its value is approaching to that of gold now that the South is rapidly improving, and that its improvement aids all who sell to it and deal with it. The principle of this phenomenon is old and European, but its size is new and altogether American.

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From The N. Y. Evening Post.

#### THE NEW WAY OF GETTING UP STAIRS.

WHAT would our ancestors have thought, in the days of George Washington, if they had heard people talk of going up stairs by steam! In those good old times it was the elegant thing for a gentleman to have his drawing-room, library, dining-hall, chambers and kitchen all on one floor and to dispense entirely with stairs of any kind excepting as a means of getting into the cockloft or garret. But in these advanced times our wealthy citizens think nothing of occupying a suite of elegant and expensive apartments in the seventh story of the Grand Hotel, and are probably not over-particular whether there are stairs or not in the building, as all they have to do to get to their delightful home in the skies is to walk into a small but handsomely furnished room on the ground floor, wink at the young man who ever sits just inside the door, and away they go up to the clouds like one of the happy fellows we read of in the Arabian Night's Entertainments.

It is not so many years since weary travellers just arrived jaded and dusty from the night train would have well-nigh fainted

with chagrin and despair if told at the hotel that they were to have rooms on the eighth story. What a change has taken place! The comfortable, nay, luxurious elevator has reversed all these things. Old ideas are no longer current. A new order of things has come about. Now the top story is the most desirable. The view from the windows, the pure air of heaven, the distance from noise and confusion — these and many other attractions render these elevated regions the choicest of all.

This is no puff for elevator men — neither for hotels. We shall mention the name of none in the business. We are led to moralize and philosophize by the wondrous change that has come over our tastes as regards altitudes. Once New York city was not expected to grow in any other wise than longitudinally towards Harlem River, the waters of the bay and the Hudson and East Rivers having combined to prevent any lateral expansion. But now old residents are taken literally off their feet by the tendency of the city to grow upwards. We are now fully prepared to see next a downward growth begun into the bowels of the earth.

It is the steam elevator which has done all this. The hotels are beginning to be modern Babels. One on Broadway has lately been adding ten or a dozen stories to its already dizzy height. We confidently look for the day when the city shall be built up so high that vertical city railroads will be run up and down by corrupt corporations.

Some twenty years ago or more, hoisting apparatus began to be introduced something after the fashion of modern elevators, but with none of the improvements. Then merchants and manufacturers began to make use of more convenient machines for the hoisting of merchandize, and steam was soon introduced as a power. As years passed on, and men of genius devised new modes of applying the theory, the hotels ventured to try the experiment of coaxing otherwise unwilling guests into the upper stories. The plan proved a success, and now a hotel without a steam elevator is like a gun without a barrel.

Even younger readers can remember the time when such a thing as going up-stairs in a dry-goods store was rare indeed. But now, not only are we invited up-stairs in such palaces as those of A. T. Stewart & Co., and Arnold, Constable & Co., and H. B. Claffin & Co., but we are hurled up through the air, past story after story of their magnificent buildings, and brought into their fourth and fifth floors in a shorter



time than we should have taken to ascend one flight of stairs in the olden time.

Even the down town office-renters have snuffed the advantages of the elevating system from afar. Space is valuable about Wall street and in Broadway up to Liberty street. It is pretty difficult to find a plot of ground as large as 100x50 feet. And yet the Equitable Life Insurance Company has not only found a plot of ground at the corner of Cedar street and Broadway, of dimensions about 100x150 feet, but has built a fire-proof house on it, the domes of which pierce the sky and the upper portion of which is filled with offices for lawyers and architects, and men of all vocations.

These people have made a new application of the aspiring tendency of the times, and the thing has already proved a success. A hundred offices, in a completely fire-proof building, made of nothing but iron and stone, is rather a nice piece of property to hold, without saying more. Add to this the most central location for lawyers, brokers, bankers, insurance companies, and managers of estates, and your property is greatly enhanced in value. This is what the Equitable has. But they have not been satisfied with this. They have heated all the offices with steam, ventilated them after the most scientific modern system, finished them in handsome style, arranged them in suites applicable to all branches of business, and put into the building, not one, but two steam elevators, both of which will be constantly running during the business hours of the day. These elevators are of the most improved and perfect description ever made in this country, and move not only with absolute safety but with great rapidity; so that a person having business with a lawyer on the fifth floor will reach his counsel's office sooner and with less exertion than in ascending stairs to the second floor.

The effect of this bold but brilliant move has already been felt. Leading law firms, capitalists and managers of estates have taken offices on the fifth and sixth floors of the building, and others are after the rooms. The officers of the company now regret that the building was not made twelve instead of seven stories high.

It is hard to realize—but on the 1st of May next this building will be filled with a swarm of lawyers and others six layers deep, and the upper ones will be more

easily and speedily accessible than those who now pay high rents for second-story accommodations in second-class houses in Nassau and Wall streets and Broadway—to say nothing of the advantage of the fire-proof structure.

If you call on a lawyer—instead (as now) of throwing away time, rupturing blood vessels, and losing your wind by clambering up dark staircases—you walk directly from the street into one of the handsome vertical steam cars (which will always be in readiness, one ascending while the other descends), and, taking a seat on the comfortably-cushioned seats, will be almost instantaneously lifted to the sixth floor, where, apart from the world, and undisturbed by the noises of the street, you can consult your advisers in seclusion and repose.

Who will not revel in such a luxury as this? The tendency of this movement will be to collect a great number of the legal profession together in this spacious building, and we doubt not a nucleus will thus be formed for a general settlement of lawyers in that neighborhood.

Now is the opportunity for some enterprising New Englander to buy a lot twenty by fifty and put up a building on it as high as Trinity Church steeple, with a line of steam elevators running every five minutes. Thirty floors, with two rooms on each floor, will be about the available office room of the structure; and the proprietor might rent out the roof either for an astronomical observatory, a shot tower, or a light house, as best accorded with his fancy.

One single manufacturer of steam elevators has erected over one thousand of them. They are now being introduced in almost every branch of business. People are forgetting the old prejudices against the upper stories of the house, and the time is not distant when the question will be "how high up can you let me an office?" instead of "how low down?"

Anything in this crowded, badly-cleaned city, to get Heaven's pure air and to escape the noxious smell of the street. Anything for quiet and repose. Anything for ventilation and light. And the business man will add—anything to get more desirable accommodation at the heart of the city, where its financial arteries meet.